

THE
SATURDAY REVIEW
 OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 3,064 Vol. 118.

18 July 1914.

[REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER.] 6d.

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The SATURDAY REVIEW of 25 July will include, among other articles, "Literature and Life", by Mr. H. Fielding-Hall, and "Garden Reform", by Sir Herbert Maxwell. The same issue will contain the second of the weekly series of Motoring articles.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Government have gained another week's delay—and dilly-dally seems now their main object in Ireland and at Westminster. But three Cabinet Councils have been held, with probably another to follow, before Mr. Asquith defines his attitude to the amended Amending Bill on Monday next. At last the choice lies clear before him; the situation, stripped of inessentials, is that the Amending Bill as it stands will secure peace—and the Nationalists will not have it. It is now for the Government to declare themselves for peace or Mr. Redmond. If the former they will lose the Nationalist vote and they may be deserted by some of their own supporters, more valiant than the Nationalists themselves for destroying the Union; if the latter, the Amending Bill is dead—the Nationalists are openly anxious to give it the final kick—and all chance of a peaceful settlement is dead also. Home Rule will pass at Westminster, and Provisional Government be set up in Ulster. Despite the insolent dictation of the Whips to the Radical party, we hesitate to believe that the Government will still go "full steam ahead"—Mr. Redmond's order has lost none of its sinister meaning—to disaster. There are many Liberals as anxious for peace with honour as the Unionists and Ulster itself. But will they make their voices heard in the supreme moment of the crisis? They, too, have the choice between party ties and peace, and Mr. Illingworth's ferocious sjamboking of the malcontents at least proves that some are thinking of choosing peace rather than party.

The "Twelfth" passed without disturbance in Ulster—a few windows broken in Derry was the total damage—and both Unionist and Nationalist leaders worked hard to keep their supporters from colliding. The great anniversary was more solemnly, and therefore more peacefully, kept than for many years past.

Men under the shadow of a great calamity do not riot, and the admirable discipline which animates the Ulster Covenanters was admitted by friend and foe. The march past of the Ulster Volunteers took nearly three hours, and the parade was seven miles long. A fact like this must bring home to the Government what, indeed, some of the Cabinet have already admitted, that it is hopeless to coerce Ulster. They have, indeed, achieved a strange paradox: in their attempt to serve Irish Nationalism they have created a nation in Ulster.

The keynote of Sir Edward Carson's speeches to his people was "clean-cut exclusion or fight". It is a plain definition of what Ulster stands for—contrast it with the Government's elaborate machinery of county option, local pollings, two Post Offices for Ireland, and such unworkable chicanery—and it will be universally understood. There can be no division of a county into a rural area sending one member to Westminster and an urban area sending another to Dublin; such things are a mere ingenuity of politicians in a tight corner. "By Ulster I mean Ulster" said Sir Edward Carson months ago when Mr. Herbert Samuel sought to entangle him in a dialectical net, and all the speculations in the distressed Liberal Press as to the possibility of stretching four counties to six, and throwing in a piece of Donegal with the connivance of Mr. Redmond, come to nothing before the simple issue of "Clean-cut exclusion or fight".

To turn from Ulster to Westminster is like going from the fresh air into a stuffy room. The Lords have finished with the Amending Bill, and the Government, having vouchsafed no guidance to the Upper House, are now considering what they can do with it in the Commons. Mr. Asquith has not yet decided on his course, but the Chief Whip is alarmed at the prospect, and adjures his flock not to speak or act—soon they will be forbidden even to think—lest they embarrass still further the embarrassed Prime Minister in the critical position where he must finally determine between Mr. Redmond and civil war. Presumably the Cabinet is looking for a new formula, and attempting

to evolve another method of giving the shadow to Ulster and the substance to the Nationalists.

The Nationalists have kept silence, but their party Press, which echoes Mr. Redmond, is ready to see the Amending Bill abandoned and the Home Rule Bill enforced—by the Government. They have already violated the provisions of the Home Rule Bill, as Lord Lansdowne pointed out, by levying an army in Ireland—so much respect have they for their own Bill—and they openly boast that Home Rule is now irrevocable because the Nationalist Army is a permanent organisation. To this last pass has Mr. Asquith's policy brought us! The Parliament Act which suspended the constitution compelled Ulster to extra-constitutional means of resistance, and now the Home Rule Bill cannot be enforced because of the Ulster Volunteers, or dropped because of the Nationalist levies. Such is the outcome of "Wait a bit and see".

The House of Lords threw out the Plural Voting Bill—"The Sneaks Bill"—by a majority of 70 on Wednesday. Lord Crewe half admitted that it was a Bill to help the Liberal Party. He promised that if the Lords would pass this Bill the Government would be "quite prepared at once to take the necessary steps" to bring in a Redistribution scheme. The promise instantly recalls that other promise some years ago to bring in a House of Lords reform scheme. It recalls the "lying preamble". Lord Lansdowne would have none of it. He described the object of the Bill as "pettifogging"—a Bill designed to help wirepullers and agents of Liberalism. Quite so: it is a Bill promoted by—in an old, dry phrase of Lord Salisbury's—"that which is called a wirepuller". Lord Newton, who hit hard and home, pointed out that this was the only measure for which there was "really whole-hearted support in the Liberal Party". Probably this and the Payment of Members are, on the Government side, the two most popular of all reforms. The first gives the Liberal his seat, whilst the second gives him his salary.

The Committee stage of the Finance Bill in the Commons this week has been uneventful, save for a protest from Sir Frederick Cawley, the Liberal member for Prestwich, and one of the occupants of the Holt cave. He complained of the Government's sharp practice, and remarked that they were working more harm by doing a dishonest and dishonourable thing in their action with regard to settlement estate duty than they could do good with the money so raised. Mr. Lloyd George, obviously dispirited by his declension from popularity, forebore retort. Mr. Bonar Law wittily summed up the Chancellor's earlier defence of his action by remarking that it had taken him twenty minutes to say what Mr. Larkin had compressed into four words—"To hell with contracts".

In the debate on the Foreign Office vote at the close of last week Mr. Bonar Law intervened with a very short speech indeed, which did not touch Foreign Affairs directly: yet a more relevant speech could not have been made. It passed with little or no comment from the Press, but it well deserved to be commented on everywhere. Somebody on the Government side had referred to "the business-like character" of the speeches from the Ministerial benches. "I have listened carefully", said Mr. Bonar Law, "to these speeches, and I am sorry to say that what struck me was not their business-like character, but something very different. Members of the House of Commons have been lecturing the Foreign Secretary on the duty of keeping peace throughout the world when they all know that at this moment it is his duty—which some of them question him being able to discharge—to keep the peace in our own realm". Sir Edward Grey followed immediately after this speech of about two sentences. He dealt with Persia, China, the United States, Turkey, and the Hague in a careful and conciliatory speech. Peace, the great desire for peace,

breathed all through it; but he had not a word to say in reply to Mr. Bonar Law, and presently the vote was agreed to and the House adjourned.

The Foreign Secretary did not reply to Mr. Bonar Law because no effective reply was possible. The grave reproof of the Leader of the Opposition he must have felt to be unanswerable. It is impossible to resist a feeling of disgust at the hypocrisy of the keep-the-peace Radicals on the back benches of the Government side, who profess to be in a sad way over our relations with various foreign countries, and whose sense of sympathy is so exquisite where this poor little people or that poor little people is concerned; and who are at the same time trying to coerce and dragoon the Ulster Loyalists, and who do not care a fig about peace in Ireland provided they can retain their seats. What can be more hateful and hypocritical than prating about liberty and humanity where foreign nations are affected, but acting the part of petty tyrants against your own countrymen because they are not on your side in politics? Advanced Radicalism to-day has made "liberty" a bye-word; it has made it reek of Pecksniffism.

The situation in Albania remains critical. Prince William, whose authority does not now extend beyond his own capital, and is precarious even there, has appealed to the Powers to maintain him on his throne. The Premier, who is making a begging tour of the European capitals, is now in London. It appears that the Greek, Serb, and Turkish bands of insurgents are acting in concert, and the Dutch gendarmerie is too weak to check them. Two policies are possible. The first is to send an international army to support the international commission of control; but Europe is unwilling to do for all Albania what it did for Scutari. The second course is to commission Roumania to restore order as the mandatory of Europe. The Roumanian Government, however, is reluctant to take such a heavy responsibility, though it is encouraging the recruitment of volunteers. Meanwhile both Austria and Italy are mobilising so as to be ready to take effective action in case of need.

Following a series of anti-Austrian demonstrations, there was a panic in Belgrade on Sunday night. It was said that the Russian Minister, who had died of heart-failure in the Austrian Legation, had been poisoned, and the excited mob was reported to be contemplating a general massacre of Austrian subjects. Happily the night passed quietly, and Belgrade is now fairly calm, though Count Tisza's reminder that Austrian diplomacy is backed by Austrian arms does not ease the situation. Not for the first time the position is made worse by the fact that Servia has a frontier town for its capital. Austrian gunboats patrol the Danube and throw their searchlights on the town at night, while Austrian troops drill ostentatiously at Semlin, just across the river, during the day.

In M. de Hartwig Russia has lost the chief advocate of a forward Russian policy. He was no friend to Britain, and his removal from Teheran was one of the first consequences of the improvement in Anglo-Russian relations. Subsequently he was a candidate for the Russian Foreign Ministry, and it is perhaps just as well that the more pacifically minded M. Sazonoff was preferred to him. His chance came when he was sent to Belgrade. But for him the Balkan League would not have been formed, and Russia would still be waiting her revenge for the annexation of Bosnia. When, at the beginning of the alliance negotiations, he found that neither the Bulgarian nor the Servian Premier was willing to visit the other he cleverly overcame the difficulty by suggesting that they should meet in a railway carriage on the frontier. The alliance really dated from that meeting.

The downfall of President Huerta is the first justification of President Wilson's policy of "watchful waiting" in Mexico. Huerta was a filibuster whose

strength, such as it was, was founded on the disorders of the Republic, and although he put up a long fight it has for some time been evident that his power was waning. He is followed by Señor Carbajal as Provisional President. The two men are strongly contrasted. Huerta boasted his pure-blooded Indian descent; President Carbajal claims direct Castilian ancestry. The one was a soldier, the other is a judge. It remains to be seen whether the new President will succeed where his predecessor failed—in the first essential task of bringing order out of the chaos which has reigned in Mexico since the end of the Diaz régime four years ago.

The task in any case will be immensely difficult. Mexico has simply gone to pieces during the anarchy, and the quiet that has attended Huerta's departure and President Carbajal's proclamation may be delusive as a forecast of the future. In any event, the new ruler will have the advantage—for what it is worth—of support from Washington, and on his success or failure depends largely the success of President Wilson's policy. The general course of events still follows the tendency, which we pointed out some months back, for United States diplomacy to act in a southerly direction during a Democratic Presidency, as by contrast it swings to the north under the Republican rule. It was perhaps not a mere coincidence that Canadian annexation was preached under President Taft, while Mexican annexation is discussed under President Wilson.

The loss of the "Empress of Ireland" is proved to be the fault of the "Storstad" by the Mersey Commission, which reviewed all the evidence in masterly fashion and adjudged the truth in the various conflicting stories that always get about after an awful disaster. Captain Kendall's seamanship is fully vindicated, and the Canadian Pacific Company have promoted him. The Commission of Enquiry on the loss, like that on the foundered "Titanic", makes certain suggestions regarding the lessening of risk at sea, but the only real preventive of disasters like that in the St. Lawrence is careful seamanship. No vessel could be proof against ramming by the "Storstad".

Lord Esher in his very able letter to the "Times" on Saturday recalls a notable speech of Cromwell to his Council of Officers in 1653. Cromwell said "if they should trust the people in an election of a new Parliament . . . it would be a tempting of God". Lord Esher supposes that this is the view of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and his friends; and we suspect it is so. But, if we recall aright, it was only a few weeks after this saying of Cromwell's that a remarkable scene occurred in the House of Commons. The Protector came to Westminster. He listened for a while to the debate. Then said he, "Enough of this". He stepped out of his seat, stamped on the floor of the House and exclaimed, "It is not fit that you should sit here any longer"; and he added, "You shall now give place to better men". He spoke a few words of direction to Harrison. They had to troop out, and as they did so he declared, "You call yourself a Parliament; you are no Parliament". Cromwell, speaking later of the affair, said, "We did not hear a dog bark at their going!" The Parliament Cromwell turned out represented the people's will probably quite as truly as the Government does to-day.

The Lord Chancellor, the Judges, and such great men of the Bar as Sir Edward Carson, Sir Robert Finlay, and the Attorney-General, representing the present, have paid their homage to Sir Edward Clarke, one of the great figures of the last great age in advocacy. Six years ago it was Mr. Asquith who was being dined in celebration of a practising barrister, for the first time since Perceval, having attained to the Premiership. Mr. Asquith, as a forensic orator, had never anything like the reputation of Sir Edward Clarke, but he succeeded better in the arena where probably Sir Edward would have most preferred success. It

has been supposed that, in declining a second term as Solicitor-General in 1895 and the offer of the Mastership of the Rolls a year or two later, he was giving up legal certainties for political contingencies.

Since then lawyers have come completely into their kingdom, and their part is now so conspicuous in politics that the Bar perhaps looks on Sir Edward's claim to commiseration as being greater for his political than his legal losses. Yet he made better Parliamentary speeches than any lawyer since Cockburn; as, for instance, that when he was put up to reply to Mr. Gladstone on the second Home Rule Bill. And he made finer speeches, as matter of rhetoric, at the Bar than any lawyer amongst his contemporaries, though among them were Russell, Henry Matthews, and James. With less literary training than Cockburn and Coleridge, he yet so disciplined his powers that he became not only one of the most effective verdict getters, but the most polished and accomplished advocate of his time. Everything made him proud of having got on at the Bar, and the Bar returned the admiration personally and professionally.

We are reminded that at the Victor Hugo celebration in Guernsey last week Lord Beauchamp in his speech recalled an interesting incident connected with this REVIEW. It was in 1866 that Mr. John Morley wrote an article on *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*, which was printed in THE SATURDAY REVIEW, and so delighted Victor Hugo, who wrote to him thus:—"Among the numerous things of which I am ignorant, and of which I regret being ignorant, there is, everyone knows, the English language. I have had your remarkable article on the *Travailleurs de la Mer* translated to me. It is an example of the highest and most profound criticism. No book has ever been analysed with more penetration. The author of the article has assimilated all the philosophy of the work which he has so admirably understood. I am proud that my book has been presented to the English public by such a writer. I beg that you will convey on my behalf my thanks to this honourable and sympathetic *confrère*. His talent is one of those which place English literature so high. I love England, my land of refuge, I love the England of Shakespeare, of Newton, and of Wilberforce, and I am happy to feel in communion with her noble contemporary thinkers, fit followers of those great men. I send you, Sir, and the author of the magnificent article of *Travailleurs de la Mer* my most cordial handshake".

It is no particular secret that other Liberals besides Mr. John Morley have written for this REVIEW. It is a curiously narrow mind that objects to a Liberal writing for a Tory paper or to a Tory writing for a Liberal paper, though the theme is not a party or political one. Nothing is much more absurd than confusing literature or art with party politics. They belong to entirely different worlds and they cannot really clash—they only do so in the imagination of the uninformed and grossly prejudiced man. Everybody should recognise this quite well. It is an elementary truth. Yet one constantly notices people blundering over it. Imagine a man blind enough not to value, say, Meredith's "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel", one of the noblest of English novels, because the author was a Liberal, or to belittle, say, Tennyson's poetry because the author was a straight and strong Conservative! Perhaps few err on this large scale, but faults of a less obvious and ridiculous nature are not so uncommon.

The Grenfell sale lately at Christie's made a stir. We wonder how many people who in the old times used to visit the National Gallery ever noticed the portrait of a dull-looking gentleman, very bald and turbanned, lolling on a chairback. That seeming uninspired person was Samuel Scott, whose two pictures in the Grenfell sale surprised everyone by their quality. They had a style and grandeur of design that place Scott in the company of Canaletto.

LEADING ARTICLES.

THE SPIRIT OF ULSTER.

IN the midst of rumours and counter rumours it is refreshing to turn to the one unchangeable point in the parliamentary muddle—Ulster. Only by a visit to the province is it possible to *feel* the spirit which animates the Ulster Protestants. Accustomed to the rough and tumble of party politics, we Englishmen fail to realise that Ulster's opposition to Home Rule is no longer a political question. It is a creed. Rich and poor, young and old, men and women all are united in quiet determination. The same spirit permeates the whole social fabric, from the Duke of Abercorn to the humblest Belfast shipyard hand—they are prepared to die rather than submit. Let those who doubt this go and see for themselves. Vivid descriptions in the Press convey little in comparison with the evidence of one's own senses. The enthusiasm of the loyal province is expressed in the devotion of the people to Sir Edward Carson, amounting almost to worship. The writer of this article has recently visited Ulster and can testify from experience.

As the boat which carried Sir Edward Carson steamed up Belfast Lough on Friday week, she passed the new liner, the "Britannic", the second largest in the world, which is approaching completion in Harland and Wolff's yard. On the side was chalked in large letters "No Home Rule." A great cheer went up from the large crowd of workmen gathered about the stern and along the half-built decks. But most amazing of all, as the steamer went by there appeared at every one of the hundreds of port holes which stud the side of the liner, a grimy face or a waving arm. It seemed as though the great ship were one huge centipede. The scene defies description. Such are Mr. Lloyd George's dukes and aristocrats.

The same enthusiastic greeting accompanied the Ulster leader wherever he went—at the quay side, in the streets, on the country roads. In addition to the huge crowd which awaited him at the dock, groups of people were gathered all along the route which his car must take to Craigavon, and even in the quiet suburban outskirts little knots of women and children collected "to see him go by".

One incident is worth relating in detail. After the meeting of the Ulster Unionist Council on the day of his arrival Sir Edward Carson lunched at the Ulster Club prior to his departure for Larne. A large crowd collected in the wide open space outside, stretching right across the road. They waited for two hours and a half in the hot sun to see him go off. In the front rank, opposite the club door, stood a mill girl, hatless and with her black homespun shawl on her shoulders—one of the Belfast "shawlies". She held a bunch of orange lilies in her hand, carefully wrapped round with newspaper. She stood her ground the whole long time. When Sir Edward appeared at the door of the club the crowd surged forward. The three policemen fought hard, and to no purpose, to keep a way open. The mill girl was pushed back again and again, but in the end she came near enough to her beloved leader to stretch out the lilies within his reach. Realising her intention, he took them, and she was satisfied. This little act of spontaneous homage and devotion tells its own story.

The review and presentation of colours to the Central Antrim regiments at Larne was impressive. A short religious service was conducted by the Bishop of Down and the Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly. The whole of the vast gathering joined in the hymn "O God our Help in Ages Past". The effect on the emotions was overpowering. There is something strangely grand and at the same time pathetic at the sound of thousands of loyal and peace-loving citizens appealing to their Creator to stand by them in their struggle for civil and religious liberty. Those who heard it are brought nearer to understanding the awful solemnity of the Hymn before Action.

The drill and bearing of the troops was striking. The men, carrying rifles with fixed bayonets, were drawn up round three sides of a square. On the

fourth side stood a double row of Volunteer Nurses in Red Cross uniform, extending the whole width of the parade ground.

As the troops marched past the saluting point in fours the look of quiet determination in the face of every man told its own tale. It was a sight to grip the imagination, worth columns of argument.

The Orange celebrations on Monday have been fully reported in the Press. They were, of course, of a non-military character, and from a political point of view were mainly remarkable as evidence of the unanimity of the Ulster Protestants in opposition to Home Rule. Two things call for comment—the length of the processions and the orderliness both of those taking part in them and of the crowds. The Belfast procession, which marched out to Drumbeg—some six miles—took over three hours to pass a given point.

There was only an occasional policeman to be seen—nor were police necessary. There was nothing for them to do. The orderliness of the crowd is explained to a large extent by the fact that more than one-half of the Lodges in the Orange Institution are total abstinence Lodges.

Most impressive of all was the review of 1,000 men of the North Down Regiment of the Ulster Volunteers on Tuesday evening in the grounds of Craigavon. The necessity for a hasty assembly of the troops caused by Sir Edward Carson's sudden recall heightened the dramatic effect. The following account conveys an idea both of the impressiveness of the scene and the efficiency of the Volunteers. The parade was timed for 9 p.m. Sir Edward Carson's boat, due to leave at 9.15, was specially delayed till 9.30. Owing to the lateness of a train the troops did not reach the ground till 9.5. The mounted section heading the column took up position at the back of the wide lawn. Then followed the main body marching in column of fours. There was no time to place markers. Each company, as it reached the ground, deployed to its proper position—without a pause and without a hitch. As if by magic, the long column was transformed into a solid square. Khaki hats, armlets, puttees, bandoliers, and rifles made up the equipment. In spite of the absence of uniform, the appearance of the regiment would have done credit to Regular troops. In the falling twilight Sir Edward Carson, standing in front of the regiment, said a few simple words of encouragement to the men. It was an inspiring sight. The tall erect figure standing bareheaded before the solid square of men, every one of whom is ready to die in the cause of which he is the champion. It needed only a reflection of the principles at stake—union, loyalty, progress, and religious liberty—to feel that in this corner of the United Kingdom at least the spirit which made the British Empire what it is still exists—degeneracy has not yet set in.

If His Majesty's Ministers are mad enough to drive the issue to the final test, it will be a bitter fight—a fight to the end.

It must not be supposed from the above description that the Ulster Volunteer organisation is aiming at ostentatious display. The amount of steady work that has been accomplished in the last two years, the long evenings of tedious drilling after hard days' work, the persistent expenditure of time, money, and effort, these have resulted in making the Ulster Volunteer force what it is. Having regard to the work that has been accomplished and the time it has taken, it is surprising that there have not been more Press accounts in the last two years. The direct orders of General Richardson, acting on the advice of Sir Edward Carson, are largely the cause of this.

The Headquarters Staff of the Ulster Volunteers are averse from anything in the nature of theatrical display. The illustrations in the Press this week of parades and field operations have taken the people of this country by surprise. But these incidents are not new. Steady work of this kind has been going on for months. The Volunteers have not courted Press advertisement, nor have they run after the photographic, and it has been left to the journalistic enterprise of Lord Northcliffe to discover the abundant

opportunity for copy to be found any day all over the province. In order that the public in Great Britain may be brought to understand the seriousness of the preparations which are being made, the Press campaign is not a day too early. Are the Government still blind to the consequences of their fatal policy? Do they still say that Ulster is bluffing?

If they are men they will go and see for themselves before they commit the last hopeless error that will shatter the Empire to its foundations.

Mr. Birrell is the only Minister of the Cabinet who has visited Ulster since the formation of the Volunteers. In virtue of his office he could hardly escape doing so. No other Minister has troubled to go there and obtain personal experience of the extraordinary fervour which animates the people. Accustomed to look at everything from a party standpoint they cannot realise the dogged refusal of Ulster to submit to a Dublin Parliament. Had these Ministers the courage to go to Ulster they would learn both the fixity of Ulster's determination and the reasons for it. Well may the Ulsterman ask "What have we done that we should be turned out? We Unionists alone in all Ireland have remained loyal to the Throne and the Flag. We have fought your battles, we have built up a vast field of industry, we have turned the least fertile part of Ireland into the most prosperous part of the country, we have kept the law and lived at peace with our neighbours."

On the other hand, they point to the degeneracy of Nationalist Ireland, the mark of priestly control and all its institutions—the squalor of Dublin—the lawless violence of the secret societies and the meanness of spirit which countenances boycotting and cattle-driving. Into such a system they refuse to enter. Who shall blame them?

A DYING GOVERNMENT.

THE expected change in the Government's procedure has been announced. Mr. Asquith has renewed his bills, and pledged himself to redeem his Parliamentary promises in a new Session, to begin in "the early winter"; the remainder of this Session is to include the Housing Bill, the long-delayed House of Lords Resolutions, and the one thing that supremely matters—the Amending Home Rule Bill. The new Session is apparently to be devoted to the unhappy Revenue Bill, which entombs the constructive part of Mr. Lloyd George's Budget, the Insurance Act Amending Bill, the very latest Education Bill, the reform of the House of Lords, and other olla podrida of Liberal hopes.

The best commentary on this ambitious programme is the despairing appeal which Mr. Illingworth sent out almost at the same moment that his chief was forecasting the future. While the Prime Minister talks of next Session the Chief Whip finds it almost beyond his power to get through the present Session. If there are any more collapses of the Government's majority to twenty-three, he admits that the idea may get abroad that "the Government's supporters are indifferent to the fate of the Parliament Act Bills", and he declares that "the constituencies demand that no Liberal member should do anything, *either by speech or action*, at this supreme moment which would in any way weaken the power of the Prime Minister to deal with a difficult and complicated situation". One had imagined that it was for members to tell the Whips what the constituencies "demanded", but clearly the new Liberalism has reversed the process and bound its members to silence in the presence of authority. It is not the business of private members to talk, but to do as they are told; the back benches must worship the front bench, and whatever the Government chooses to do must be right in their eyes. They also serve who only stand and vote.

Now Mr. Illingworth is a shrewd man of the North, with no false delicacy of speech, one understands,

when plain language is necessary. Mr. Illingworth believes that in politics—as in other business matters—he who pays the piper calls the tune. The Government does not pay a good four hundred a year for Liberals to develop consciences at the wrong moment and stay away or walk out on critical divisions; it pays them, in Mr. Illingworth's final warning, for "a sustained effort and constant attendance and support for the remainder of the Session". Apparently the Treasury Bench thinks it has not been getting full value for its money lately, or this Whip would hardly have been sent out.

But it is little use beating a tired and sullen horse, and if one may judge by the anger it evoked from its recipients, this threatening appeal widened the breach it was intended to cure. It acted as a mustard-plaster on a tender wound: it inflamed an already angry spot, and the inflammation is not likely to improve the condition of a patient whom Mr. Illingworth admits is desperately ill. The plain fact is that Liberals have been whipped too much, and some of them have recently indicated clearly enough that the process has become tedious. They may ally themselves with the Nationalists to eke out their majority, but they will not submit to the iron discipline which Mr. Redmond imposes on his slaves. The back-benchers who should not embarrass the Government "either by speech or action" have both spoken and acted of late on the Budget, and they show clear signs of doing the same again on the Amending Bill; while they have intimated in language whose directness Mr. Illingworth will understand, even though he does not like it, that nothing will drag them to Westminster during the autumn, Revenue Bill or no Revenue Bill.

For that reason alone the belief obtains everywhere that this Parliament will not meet again. The Government are tired. Their supporters are bored. The Young Liberals are getting old, the old Liberals have got disillusioned. Cracks have appeared everywhere in the stately edifice of party unity. Those who are bidden to worship the Cabinet have seen little to admire, far less to worship, this Session. They have not forgotten the Government's muddles, nor forgiven its Budget fiasco. Some are angry because Ulster has not been trodden on, others shake their heads because the Nationalist army is allowed to imitate the Covenanters. The net result of Liberal policy in Ireland is that a country which Mr. Birrell himself declared to be peaceable and contented in 1906 is now on the verge of war, and almost its whole adult population an armed camp. The politicians who have always condemned militarism have by their drifting policy and lack of control allowed something like a system of universal service to spring up in Ireland, the only variation from the regular plan of national service being the fact that the new Irish armies are intended for the purposes of civil strife and not for the more usual procedure of resisting an outside enemy—a variation which may or may not appeal to Liberal sentiment. The whole situation is a sorry reflection for a party that ingeminate peace and in its more rhapsodical moments imagines that the rule of force has gone down for ever before arbitration. The Government has not even the power, let alone the pluck, to arbitrate in Ireland—and if it had, its own followers would now distrust its judgment on the case, so badly has it fallen in their esteem. It is an established axiom of politics that a Government which cannot govern must go.

It is widely believed that the Government themselves recognise the fact. They intend to carry through to the end of the session, if they can—Mr. Illingworth himself admits it is a doubtful proposition; but the new session is a mere mirage of Downing Street, which will recede day by day and finally vanish. So transparent a device has hardly deceived the simplest of provincial Liberal members; it is a political shift to cover the failure of Mr. Lloyd George's programme. The defunct Revenue Bill is allocated to the future, where dwell other promises of the Chancellor of the Exchequer; the Budget programme which he put forward in May is in suspended animation, where it can do

neither good nor harm; but Mr. Lloyd George himself knows well enough that his latest proposals will never emerge from the ice-chest this side of a General Election. They may be resuscitated in a hot campaign, and the promise of more boons and blessings do something to minimise the votes lost by the Insurance Act—but the elaborate business of arranging a programme for a new session that would have to last from November to June 1915 to pass the Plural Voting Bill—the one topic which still rouses Liberal enthusiasm—is make-believe.

FRANCE TO-DAY.

MEN TEM mortalia tangunt—and the mind would be perverse indeed which was not touched by the news of the Empress Eugénie walking like any other tourist through the rooms and gardens of Fontainebleau where she once queen'd it so splendidly. There is an obvious pathos in the thought of it, but there is also a serene sense of reconciliation. For France has forgiven her her errors, showing therein a charity rare in that land of pitiless political enmities; and she herself has passed through the tempests of feeling incident to her sorrows and has found a calm which enables her thus directly to revive the memory of her happiest days. She is a pattern to us all—an example not, as some have falsely supposed, of an ignoble callousness, but of a lofty tranquillity of spirit which has learnt to see the joys and sorrows of life in their true perspective. This aspect of her character intensifies the sense of something akin to awe which she inspires because of her length of days. A century is the unit of history, but it is far beyond the ordinary span of human life, and a woman who can link up the centuries has about her a strange atmosphere, easily felt but hard to analyse, too historical to be quite human, too distinctly human to be historical, akin to the atmosphere of certain famous rooms which seem still to hold the spirit of the great man who once dwelt in them. The Empress is indeed history made flesh. In her great days at Fontainebleau the King of Prussia was once her guest, and he could have given her his personal reminiscences of the fall of the First Empire. It was at Fontainebleau that Napoleon abdicated a hundred years ago, and she who has now revisited the scene of his humiliation must feel that the fall of the Second Empire is equally a remote memory and that she herself is a ghost outside time. 1814 and 1870 are both so long ago, and she belongs, in a sense, to both.

But it is not of the woman herself, nor yet of the events in which she played so prominent and disastrous a part, that we can most profitably think now. Let us see if we can put ourselves not indeed in her place—for that would be an idle impertinence—but in her time, and contemplate the Third Republic from the point of view of the Second Empire. How far has France been changed by all her sufferings and efforts since 1870? There are some who hold that she is the same France still. That was Bismarck's own view after the war, and led him to desire to humble France again and for ever. But, with a generation's further experience, we may doubt whether a restoration of the Napoleons is a degree more probable than a restoration of the Bourbons. The soldier is, indeed, a power in France to-day; so is the priest. But the country has at last learnt the proper place of each; and though the Republic has abased the pride first of the one and then of the other, it has come not merely to tolerate but, in different senses, to honour both. This week the people of Paris have cheered the troops returning from the great review without misgivings of a Napoleon or even of a Boulanger; and though a militant freethinker is Premier of France, and the man who was mayor of Montmartre in the days of the Commune is still the most prominent figure in French politics, the Church of the Sacré Cœur crowns Montmartre's hill and in a few months' time will be the scene of stately festival. These things are more eloquent than Separation Laws

and anti-militarist agitations. They show that France of to-day can consider both military glory and religious devotion without losing its sense of the true proportion of things; and this gain in breadth and steadiness of view is the measure of the Third Republic's superiority to the Second Empire.

We would say, too, that there was in modern France a better sense not only of values, but of facts. The Second Empire had no sense of facts. That condemnation is not justified by citing Leboeuf's famous phrase about the Army's readiness to the last gaiter button. After all, the Second Empire had existed for eighteen years before 1870—years during which France herself believed that it was assuring her material prosperity. To-day the only question is how far France was deceived. Was there anything real behind all the magnificence of Paris in the year of the first exhibition? We know that it was all attended by appalling corruption and the most reckless financial mismanagement, for which the provinces paid the penalty; and though many still hold that the Departments flourished during the 'fifties and the 'sixties, and give figures of road and railway construction to support their view, it seems clear that some at least of this progress was only a blind. The Third Republic, thinking it had been real and perceiving it had been futile, plunged itself into the pessimism which so disgusted the later Victorian Englishman. Certainly, France of the later 'eighties was the most melancholy country in Europe, just as France of the 'sixties had been the gayest. It seems to the younger school of Frenchmen, the authors of the national revival of the past few years, that both the melancholy and the gaiety were based on illusion—that their fathers were not so badly off, and their grandfathers not so well off, as they had themselves supposed. Consequently we find that modern France is happily false to her traditions in her attitude towards contemporary social problems. She no longer puts all her faith in some tremendous, sweeping formula which is to be made operative by borrowed money. On the contrary, she studies English and German social legislation and is prepared to find out by experiment whether it suits her own needs. Nothing is more strikingly characteristic of modern France than the failure of syndicalism, based though it is on the admitted evils of our industrial organisation, to affect the stability of the Government. M. Jaurès is a voice crying in the wilderness; nobody really listens to him except the Deputies; but the Second Empire would have been forced to put him into jail. It has even been charged against the Third Republic that it ignores ideas—ignores them so completely as not to realise their possible menace—and troubles only about facts. If this be so—and there are certain facts, the facts of finance among them, to which the Republic has not shown itself sufficiently alive—it is a good fault in a French Government.

In sum the France of to-day is a saner, steadier country than the France of fifty years since; and to this extent she has benefited from the chastenings of adversity. But in one respect she has remained stationary. Ever since the Revolution there has been a divorce between the Government of France and France herself. The Frenchman cherishes an exalted patriotism, but it does not extend to its institutions. Looking back it seems that the only people who were proud of the Second Empire were the people who got something out of it. Looking forward we wonder whether anybody in the France of, say, thirty years hence will be proud of the Republic. Its few enthusiastic supporters to-day applaud it, if they are moderate, because it is the form of Government which divides Frenchmen least, and if they are extremists, because it exasperates their Royalist and Imperialistic opponents. As time passes and these feelings die down, what appeal will it make to the French people? Of the intense reverence for the Constitution which is such a feature of American political thought, France shows no trace; and the contrast is not to the advantage of France.

THE BOXING FIASCO.

WE shall not be misunderstood when we express the hope that the wretched boxing fiasco at Olympia on Thursday night will be the last of its kind for a long time. It has covered the boxing boomsters with ridicule. For boxing, of course, we have every respect. Everybody should box. Perhaps nothing so well rounds off a man's physical education, to say nothing of its wholesome effect on the character. It gives grace to a man, self-command, confidence, a splendid sense of sufficiency and readiness. Nobody was ever the worse for knowing how to use his fists. It would do young England a world of good if boxing were compulsory for every boy physically fit. He might, with advantage, learn less about the 'ologies and more about how to settle any little quarrel without the aid of a policeman. We have no sort of sympathy, in a word, with the timid shrinking sentimentality which sees something brutal in the giving and taking of hard blows. There was something to say even for the old-fashioned prize ring. It set a standard of pluck and endurance; it spread wide the tradition of fair play; it glorified the old indomitable spirit which made the refuse gathered by the net of the press gang terrible on the battlefields of Europe and on the seven seas. He is no true Englishman who cannot feel a thrill over a good description of a prize fight, such as Borrow's of the encounter between the redoubtable gipsy and the champion from Cockneydom. It is long since we read it—and our recollection of the facts may be hazy—but we fancy a Quaker could not go through it without realising some of the fever and joy of battle.

No, if the Carpentier-Smith show and its like were evidence of a real healthy interest in boxing, it would be easier to put up with the sordid features inseparable from a modern boom of any kind—the puffing, the bargaining, the chaffering for photographic and kinematograph rights, the exasperating chatter and cackle, the irrelevant gossip and hero worship gone mad. It would be possible to read with more patience that the boxer's baby girl has been promised a life-size doll if her father wins, that another champion dislikes asparagus, and that a third trains wholly on So-and-So's parched breakfast bran. We might even tolerate those "interviews" with boxers' wives and sweethearts, in which we are told how they propose or how they dandle the newest baby. The constant description of Carpentier as "immaculate", the accounts of how he is followed from place to place by troops of admiring women, would be less vexatious. But we are afraid that the new-born rage for boxing has nothing to do with sane and wholesome interest in the sport. There is something hectic in it all. It is more decadent-Roman than English. Of those thousands who cheered Carpentier in the Strand, giving the gallant young Frenchman a curious idea of English manhood, probably not one in ten had more understanding of his art than they had of the art of Mr. Brangwyn. To them he was simply a man much talked of, the legitimate successor of M. Blériot, any visiting royalty, or Dr. Crippen. Of the other thousands who filled Olympia, how many box or care anything about boxing? The vast majority are simply "out" for a new sensation. Yesterday it was the biggest wild beast show on earth, the day before "The Miracle", the day before that something else. For them life is a kinematograph and Carpentier the latest film.

The presence of women at these great fights is perhaps the most objectionable feature of the craze. It is a fashion borrowed from France, where the youth and handsome face of Carpentier have inspired all the idle sensation-hungry women of Parisian society with a passion for the ring. He is worshipped much as the dames of Nero's Rome sighed in their boredom for the gladiators of the circus. It is not Carpentier's fault; he is a business-like young fellow who likes his art and has a keen eye for profit, but little appetite apparently for "fame". He takes his lionising, on the whole, quite calmly and sensibly. But it is to be regretted that he has given his support to the view

that women are justified in claiming their latest "privilege", and it is a pity that his good looks have tempted so many of our females, as well as those of France, to a new folly. Breaking of ribs, as Touchstone said, is no sport for ladies; and boxing, watched without understanding, as women must watch it, can satisfy only a craving for excitement such as a bull-fight spectator demands. The skill, the art of the thing, is lost on these intruders. Their minds react only to the cruder sensations. They see, not two consummate masters of a fine craft, but two half-nude men struggling for mastery. They are there to see what no true boxer goes to see—blows and blood. They are like the idle women for whose entertainment some old-time generals ordered a regiment into useless action. Their petty little minds could not have taken in the meaning of great tactics, but they could revel—from a position of safety—in the roar of guns, the flash of sabres, the emptying saddles, and the thinning ranks. It is frankly detestable, this newest feminine craze. Even the antics of the militants are scarcely less dignified or less repellent. It need hardly be said that these women go where they are not wanted. Their presence is an annoyance to every serious spectator, and gives even the average *badaud* a sense of incongruity. No doubt if the folly extends largely it will work its own cure. Men will cease to patronise these great boxing spectacles if women are to form any great part of the audience; and boxing matches will once more become, as they ought to be, affairs for the initiated, and not mere shows for sensation seekers.

SPECIAL ARTICLE.

VOLUNTARILY COMPELLED SOLDIERS.

By COLONEL KEENE, D.S.O.

SOME people felt a slight shock of surprise when Lord Roberts said lately that Australia and New Zealand had set us splendid examples in *voluntarily* taking upon themselves the duty of *compulsory* training! It is a habit of the opponents of compulsory military training to ignore the fact that among the communities which have adopted such a system are to be found many of the freest and most democratic in the world. Even supporters of the movement do not always realise that *universal*—and therefore necessarily *compulsory*—service is nothing more or less than an extension to the whole community of the spirit of the volunteer.

And yet the very slightest examination of the question will show that we cannot possibly have compulsory service in this country unless and until the vast majority of the electors are convinced of the justice and the necessity of such a measure. In the early stages of the National Service movement the foolish cry of the people being "dragooned into conscription" was often raised. Is there anyone outside a lunatic asylum who believes it possible for any party, any Government, supported by any armed force, to "dragoon" the people of the United Kingdom into universal soldiering? No—everyone knows that if we are to have compulsory military service it can only come by the will of the people; and the burden, when self-imposed, will become voluntary.

Why did the people of Australia and New Zealand accept and voluntarily take upon themselves this duty? Because they realised the justice and the necessity of it. Was it forced upon them by one party which, by power of votes, imposed it on the people in defiance of the will of the other voters? Not so—both in the case of Australia and in that of New Zealand compulsory service came in by agreement between parties resolutely opposed to each other on many questions of internal policy. But they realised that in order to secure freedom to manage their own affairs, in order that they might continue to enjoy the rights and benefits which they had secured for themselves, in order that they might preserve to themselves and hand down

to their children the high standards of prosperity which they had attained—in order to secure all these advantages they accepted, of their own free will, the sacrifices and the burdens of compulsory military service. It was Senator Pearce, Defence Minister of the late Labour Ministry and now in opposition, who, in reply to a recent protest from the Australian Freedom League, said that "The Defence Act is on the Statute Book of Australia by the consent and with the approval of the people of Australia." Similarly, Mr. A. R. Atkinson, of the New Zealand Defence League, said at the annual meeting of the National Service League that Universal Military Training was essentially a popular movement in that Dominion, and that when the politicians found there were votes behind it they soon passed the Act needed for its enforcement.

What are "the duties of compulsory training" which these young British communities have "voluntarily taken upon themselves"? The two systems are very similar. Between the ages of twelve and fourteen the boys are enrolled as "Junior Cadets", and such training as they get is given under the Educational Department. No attempt is made at this early stage to make "little soldiers" of the boys, but the important work is performed of preparing their bodies and their minds so that, physically and morally, they may be fitted in later life to perform the first duty of a good citizen, i.e., the defence of the community to which he belongs and of the land which gave him birth—of the State which gives him the institutions and the liberties of which he is fond and proud.

Between the ages of fourteen and eighteen the lads are enrolled in the ranks of the Senior Cadets; the bodies of the rising citizens are carefully developed during this critical period, and they receive a preliminary education in military subjects. Squad drill, section drill, musketry instruction, the care of arms, semaphore signalling, company drill—all are taught during these years. Yet there is but little interference with either work or play, for in each of these four years the lads are required to devote sixty-four hours only to their military studies.

Regarding this Cadet training, there are two schools of thought. Lord Kitchener, when he visited Australia at the request of the Commonwealth Government, warned the defence authorities that "while the cadet training was valuable as a preparation, it could not replace recruit training, which was a necessary preliminary to the production of an efficient and trained citizen soldier". On the other hand, Sir Ian Hamilton, in his report on his recent inspection of the Australian Military Forces, evidently hopes that the Cadet training may yet solve the problem "of raising powerful armies for home defence with a minimum tax on the priceless time of the adult male worker". Time alone will show which idea is correct, but at present the recruit training in Australia amounts to sixteen days, of which eight only are spent in camp.

The new Defence system has been established for some three years in Australia, and the average number of recruits already fairly well grounded in their work, transferred from Senior Cadets to Citizen Forces, has been 16,000 in each year. As the service in these Forces extends over seven years, the total number, when the scheme is in full operation, should be 112,000—or, allowing for casualties and using round figures, 100,000—trained citizen soldiers out of a population only one-tenth as numerous as that of the United Kingdom, and very much smaller than that of London. In New Zealand, out of a population of about one million only, the defence of the islands will be carried out by a Territorial Force of 30,000 citizens trained on lines very similar to those of Australia.

It is interesting here to note that South Africa has followed more or less closely the examples of Australia and New Zealand. In the new Union there is one strong bond between Boer and Briton: they may at any time have to unite against a rising of the native races, who outnumber them in the proportion of four to one. This danger is patent to every white man and woman, and there was no need to refer to it when the

Union, having received the grant of self-government, had also to prepare for self-defence. It was estimated that certain forces were required for this purpose, and then came the question as to how they were to be raised. The country was divided into thirteen military districts, and each district was called upon to provide a certain quota of men in proportion to its population, the Government reserving to itself the right to make up any deficiency in numbers in any district by a compulsory ballot. The result was that when 25,000 men were needed 53,000 volunteered to undergo the necessary training.

Again, as in Australia and in New Zealand, the burden of military training was accepted in a voluntary spirit which embraced the whole people; and this spontaneous assent of the people went hand in hand with agreement among the politicians. General Smuts, the Minister of Defence, welcomed discussion on his proposals, and took many leading men into his confidence on both sides of the House. First of all, a draft of the proposed Bill was published, so that it might be studied in the country. This study naturally led to discussion; misunderstandings were explained and misconceptions corrected; and especially was this the case when the Bill was introduced in Parliament early in 1912. The next step was to refer the Bill to a Select Committee, in which all parties in the House were represented. A few amendments were made, but no important principle was changed; the Bill passed through all its stages and became law in June, 1912. Of a surety our Daughter Nations have set us examples of sound common sense in dealing with National Defence in a non-party spirit!

Let us return to our text. In the phrase "Australia and New Zealand have set us splendid examples in voluntarily taking upon themselves the duty of compulsory training", the voluntary idea is again apparent when we remember that Australia is one of the few countries which, as far as mortal records go, have never known war. True, in New Zealand the white settlers have fought the Maoris; yet those differences have long been composed. But the young Daughter Nations, looking out with youth's clear eyes, have visualised the dangers ahead, and are submitting their able-bodied young men to sedulous preparation in the hope of averting war. These young British communities overseas have not been compelled, as many of the old nations of the West were, by defeat, disaster, and disgrace, to "take upon themselves the duty of compulsory training," but have done so voluntarily.

Are we to wait for disaster ere we take heed of Lord Roberts's warnings? "No political party", said Colonel Seely once, "could think of going in for compulsory service until after the next war". Agreed, we say, but that makes it all the more necessary that all political parties should combine to carry this, the greatest reform ever set before the voters of the British Isles.

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

IN OUR ATTIC.

BY GILBERT CANNAN.

IF you have a large family and live in houses so inadequate that two or three of the children are always in danger of falling out, you cannot afford to keep a servant, who will monopolise the kitchen and the attic, and so cause a congestion in the living-rooms and force a breach of the rule against playing in the street with common children. That was our condition. Most often we had no servant and the back attic was ours to fill with such wonders as we could create.

One back attic in particular is full of marvellous memories. We were, I suppose, my brother and I, at the height of our childish powers, and we had a joy in the exercise of them which has never been, and may never be, in any adult success. It may be that the floor, like that of Holyrood, is still stained with blood—my blood, for sometimes in our collaboration I would

so stubbornly and stupidly insist upon my way of doing things and I would relapse into a silence so dismal and destroying as to infuriate my brother, who would then strike a fighting attitude, take off his coat, roll up his sleeves, and wave his thin arms up and down and jeer : "D'you want a fight then? D'you want a fight? Come on then! There's your cagent!" and give me a provocative blow which could never provoke me because I had no thought of questioning his superior strength, or indeed his superiority in anything we undertook. Sometimes, in anticipation of the pain I knew I should suffer, I would bellow and roar until my mother would come running up. Then my brother would say : "He's a coward! I've given him his cagent and he won't fight". But on other occasions I would be paralysed by a sort of sick fury at my brother's injustice. Why couldn't he see that my way was best, the easiest and most exciting method of producing the desired result? This paralysis and blankness of mine was always more than my brother could stand and he would drop the formality of a fight and commit a frenzied assault upon my person. There is, or was, a deal of blood on the floor of that back attic.

We filled the room not only with sound and fury, but with marvels of scientific ingenuity. We used the principle of the siphon to make a lake in the middle of the floor and fed it from the cistern. We experimented in aeronautics with balloons and football bladders inflated most perilously with gas from the gas bracket. Fire balloons also we made, and in the lake we used to send fireships in to destroy the Spanish fleet in the harbour of Madrid. All through the winter we used to play test matches, bowling and slogging away by the hour, my brother being alternately Richardson and Mold, and myself Johnny Briggs and Bull of Essex. One winter, when my father was hard up, we smashed so many panes of glass in the windows that in the end it was all yellow paper but one pane. We painted the yellow paper and pretended it was stained glass, and then the back attic for a short while became a church and we indulged in impious mummery.

We were great mummers and the attic reached its crowning glory when it became a theatre. It grew, as all good theatres should. First of all my brother and I gave a series of entertainments which we called "Witches' Dances". To them were admitted the rest of the family, and, presently, because they laughed so heartily, a neighbour or two. These performances began with a "Wasp Dance", executed by myself. We had a yellow and black striped football jersey. My thin little legs were stuck into the arms of this and the body reached right up over my head and was then pinned. My brother would buzz a tune through a comb and I would trip it feately and extract honey from chairs and sting a round cushion to death.

So absorbed was I in my own performances that I never observed what my brother was up to and cannot now remember what he did, but towards the end of the programme we would join together in the "Dance of the Howling Dervishes", the "Maiden and the Savage" (from "Nicholas Nickleby", myself being the Infant Phenomenon), and "The Living Harp". The "Howling Dervishes" were naked, skinny little boys, dressed for decency in a stocking and a cricket belt, a costume so insecure that the dance was frequently interrupted by shrieks of outraged modesty from the performers and howls of merriment from the audience, who thus were brought to a proper mood for the "Living Harp". This, again, was myself. I was so bony a small boy that my ribs were as discernible as those of a spavined old horse, and upon them my brother would play, to extract from me a thrumming and rather impassioned rendering of "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls".

You can make a splendid tent out of a clothes maiden and a blanket, and our theatre grew out of such a tent. It stood originally in the middle of the attic, and the Cherokees smoked the pipe of peace with the Pale Face. We needed more Cherokees than pale

faces, and though I was quite equal to being a whole tribe my brother would not hear of it and insisted on admitting our sisters. That gave us our company. The "Witches' Dances" had provided us with audiences and also roused in us the lust for applause, and so gradually the tent was moved to one end of the attic and the other end was provided with chairs. Soon the tent became a curtain; we made footlights out of Benger's Food tins with one side cut out of them and a nail driven through the bottom to hold the candle: and we began to act real plays. First of all we took our text from the "Boys' Own Paper", but it was not long before we were writing our own pieces. We would decide to give a performance on, say, Friday. These plays, carefully and deliberately varied in scope and style, would be written on the Monday. There would be rehearsals every evening and a grand successful performance on the appointed day. What a thing it is to be sure of your audiences! And, alas! how soon vulgarity and the lust for success begin to creep into even the most innocent of theatres! Our audiences grew. We extended the repertory and enlarged the company. Grown-up and alien persons began to give us hints. They presented us with costumes. Originally our whole wardrobe consisted of an ancient revolver, my grandfather's Volunteer cap, a pair of old riding boots and as much dhootee as we chose to ask my father to bring from his warehouse. We were given cast-off clothes, a wig or two, grease paints, two lamps with powerful reflectors, and, worst of all, one member of our company was the son of a painter and decorator, and in his father's workshops scenery was painted for us. We had a drawing-room, a tropical jungle, the deck of a ship, and—anticipating the realism of the Lancashire school—the outside of a warehouse, with a sky full of tall chimneys. The true pleasure of the artist, which is the flowering of the bud of childish delight, gave place to an unworthy and sordid excitement over accessories. We began to ape the ways of "real" theatres and into our joy crept a fever which very quickly killed it. In that heated air my brother became precocious and soon despised childish games. He shot ahead of me, went to a big boys' school (before his time), and I was left with the attic, the properties, the scenery on my hands. Then, like Wilhelm Meister after the puppet-show, I began to dream theatres, and in such dreams, with occasional excursions into reality, I live. That back attic is full of glowing memories for me. It gives me, when I think of the scenery and properties, a sick sense of desolation. . . . Other children may be playing there now, and the blood of another small boy may be with mine upon the floor.

THE COOK MEMORIAL AND "MESOPOTAMIA".

By C. H. COLLINS BAKER.

COOK'S name is on that splendid roll of men who, like Vespuccius, Magellan, and Hudson, endured and triumphed over such sufferings as Scott recorded on the last pages of his diary. And now Cook comes in for public recognition, sincerely uttered tributes and a little monument deftly concealed in a corner of the Mall, effectually masked from Trafalgar Square by the misconceived Admiralty arch. Why this spot was chosen I have not heard; but it would be difficult to think of a convincing explanation. The corner where Cook stands would do quite well for a mayor, or any eminent soul of minor magnitude. It does well enough, I should add, for Sir Thomas Brock's mild effort to conceive a fitting monument for Cook. Indeed, on a better site this meek performance would look even less inspired, more commonplace, and academic. This brings us to enquire why Sir Thomas Brock was chosen for this work, and I imagine the easy answer is that he made the Memorial further up the Mall and other kindred works, and is, in short, the "regular man" for these official jobs. But is the purpose of those who would honour Cook and make

him a symbol for the heroism and enterprise of England, to put up merely a regular piece of sculpture that would do for anyone? This monument comes at a time when public feeling is setting against sculpture; on every side one hears the opinion that memorial funds were better employed on building libraries, or what not, than in increasing the number of London's trivial statuary. Certainly this Cook memorial, which is a good example of Burlington House Sculpture and of Sir Thomas Brock, will not check this flow. It is simply uninspired; it has no idea, one way or the other. As sculpture and the use of bronze it is just ordinary, lacking emphasis of design and sense of material. The detail on the pedestal is frankly poor; the contours of the figure are suavely mechanical. The head has a certain dignity which the banal pose and conventional woodenness belie. I would not say this is an example unworthy and below the level of its author, but that it is ineffectual and colourless.

In a little while we shall see Rodin's "Calais Burghers" at Westminster. How many of our monuments will stand the comparison, merely in technical ways, we shall see. And for that matter one can go at once to Grosvenor House to see how he used bronze, how his design is pregnant with thought and revelation; he does not apply a stock pose—this style for sailors, that for statesmen, to an idea, but fires his design and even his dead material with intention and emotion. Rodin is one of the rare figures in art that belong to no clearly marked sect; you may call him what you like, Classic, Romantic, Gothic, Impressionist, without describing or circumscribing him. Where a Monet, a Pissarro, a Gauguin, represents a certain phase he is universal. Impressionism was a word to conjure with twenty, nay, ten years ago; when an exhibition of Renoir, Monet, Sisley, Berthe Morisot, and the rest was held in the Grafton Gallery most people indiscriminately accepted them as final. That blessed word Impressionist had a rather mesmeric effect; and the strangeness of the school was taken as a guarantee of its permanent and sterling worth. But now, without any effort, we find ourselves able to look at all those painters with clearer heads; the mystic effect of the mere word is no more potent than that of Eclectic or Pre-Raphaelite. We no longer swallow the school whole as a sort of special, hors concours manifestation.

Since 1904 we have had no adequate opportunity of reconsidering the French Impressionist masters until this exhibition at Grosvenor House. As is but natural, we now find ourselves more exigent. The strangeness has worn off, even become old-fashioned, and we demand of the pictures what we demand of all but current art. Rare insight, fine colour and success. It comes to that; we are now in a position to see more clearly which of the French Impressionists succeed, which fail in competition with their predecessors and their followers. Monet, for example, what essential did he contribute to art? where does he stand in relation to Constable? Or Sisley, how valuable in comparison with Turner's, Crome's, or Vermeer's is his subscription? Judged by their work at Grosvenor House these artists are slight personalities in such a balancing. They really brought in little more than a different manner of expressing what Constable, Vermeer, and Crome had already seen. Their work in this exhibition is well chosen to illustrate their own development from blackness and dry opacity of pigment to vibrant light. On points, as one says, Sisley succeeds better than Monet at Grosvenor House; he is the better colourist and more sensitive. Renoir, on the other hand, shows up in a poor light. His colour is bad, his drawing feeble, and his insight into character negligible. "Leçon de Piano", with its vulgar red and cheap taste; "Le Harem", which is like any bad academic painting of the nude, and "La Pensée" are fairly representative of his range. They simply do not succeed as pictures. The examples of Pissarro are hardly more prepossessing: "Cueillette des Pommes", for

instance, is so obviously incompetent in drawing and so unpleasing in colour, "Le Père Melon" so coarsely and unsuccessfully painted and so ill-considered as design that here again one sees that Impressionism minus drawing, fine use of pigment, good colour and unusual perception is on all fours with any other school or "ism" similarly destitute. We are no longer interested in Impressionism, we want good pictures.

This, I admit, seems very obvious. But can we all, with clear consciences, swear that we are not doing to-day, over the blessed words Post-Impressionism and Cubism, what we did ten years ago when the collectors who really knew bought Renoirs indiscriminately just because they were Impressionist? On the other hand, of course, there were big artists in that movement, Manet and Degas, in fact, who saw wonderful things unseen before, whose technique is fine, whose insight is profound. The particular school in which they moved is unimportant; they are great painters in the first place, and Impressionists, as it were, by the chance of time. In the Grosvenor House show Degas and Manet and Van Gogh, in his "Les Saltimbanques", stand clean away from their companions as colourists and draughtsmen. One feels inclined to say that of that company only Degas and Rodin stand the presence of Ingres' superb "M. Devillers"; Manet is a fair draughtsman, but, with Ingres about, his "Leçon de Musique" looks rather thin. And talking of Ingres, it is interesting to see how his genius for form pulls him out of a tight place; but for its drawing his "Mme. Gonse" would be about as impressive as a Winterhalter.

Of the newer school Cezanne, Van Gogh, and Gauguin are represented, not very successfully. Cezanne's portrait of himself is holding; one is not bothered by any propaganda in this work and can take it quietly as good characterisation and fair drawing. But his "Pêcheur" (which I am sure is very famous as a Post-Impressionism) is bad colour and not redeemed by insight; his "Buveurs" is dull in itself and too large in scale; its content—psychologically, as colour, drawing and painting—is not interesting enough to pay for its size. In the same way his "Card Players" is spotty and patchy, judged as a design, feebly drawn in the sense that he cannot make a man's hat belong to his head, unpleasing as colour and but superficial as regards life interpretation. The magic virtue of being a Post-Impressionist must indeed be monstrous potent to counteract these initial blemishes. And then there is Gauguin's "Femme accroupie", which I am earnestly assured is most impressive. But, I would deferentially ask, why is it impressive if you discount that it was strange once on a time and Post-Impressionist. The design is interesting, but not first class, the colour is certainly not bad, and the drawing, considering the trouble Gauguin must have taken to draw so unsensitively, passes muster. As for any profound revelation of humanity, well a woman in that pose hardly gives her painter a chance to do his penetration justice. So we will not reckon that. What, then, is there so remarkably impressive over and above the mystic word that labels this brand of strangeness?

It is, in truth, high time art lovers threw off old superstitions and faced art in, shall I say, a more pragmatic spirit. Instead of bowing low to names and labels they might profitably come down to comparatively cold facts. The so-called Schiavona Titian recently acquired by a well-known English collector is an excellent occasion for turning over a new leaf. The important thing about this or any picture is not who painted it, or to what movement it belongs, but what sort of quality it has. To ordinary people it must seem trifling and nonsensical to fret and strive about a picture whose net quality is such that the most expert specialists cannot decide whether it is by a great master or a third-rate painter. The commonsense view is that if the difference between a great master and a mediocre person is so subtle and mysterious that hardened connoisseurs cannot tell one from the other, well—

this art business must be a queerly overrated thing. And that view is right. No amount of invoking the great name of Titian will make an intrinsically inferior picture better. In the long run this way of facing art will prevail, and mere names will be ineffectual. The least important point about this "La Schiavona", now exhibited at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, is who painted it. The serious question is its quality, its colour and drawing; the poor handling and almost amateurish painting and design of certain passages, the commonplace sense of character it reflects. The only person properly concerned by the name we give it is its author, and he is probably past caring. Questions such as how to reconcile this sophisticated portrait with Titian's or Giorgione's youthful vision, how to square the handling of the head with either of these master's handling, would here be out of place.

"FRIVOLOUS" MUSIC.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

PROBABLY most readers have had as much concerning Russian opera as they care to read; probably also most critics have heard as much of it as they are able to digest. Wherefore, this week at any rate, I shall leave opera alone—after a preliminary digression. The digression regards Mr. Holbrooke's "Dylan". For years I have grumbled in these columns about the indifference of impresarios to English opera, and it would seem rough treatment of Sir Joseph Beecham and his assistants if, when one is actually produced, the SATURDAY should alone remain silent. My words shall be few: when I have again heard and, above all, seen the work, perchance they may be many. "Dylan", then, has in it the makings of a fine opera; but the core must be extracted and the husk thrown into the dustbin. It will be hard for Mr. Holbrooke to do this, and, I suspect, still harder for Lord Howard de Walden; but unless it is done "Dylan" cannot survive twenty years, not twenty representations, not twenty minutes; and much excellent music and literary-dramatic material will be eternally wasted. This is the faith that is in me: the reasons for the faith must be given on a subsequent occasion.

In an interesting little pamphlet on Russian and other [modern] operas, the author, Mr. S. Midgley, of Bradford, remarks: "Of course, there are ignorant people who look upon music as a frivolous thing", etc. This is to underrate the case and, in one respect, to state it wrongly. In so far as the observation implies that the "ignorant people" are few, it is an understatement, for they are many; while "ignorant" is not a word to be applied at all to the thousands of educated and, indeed, highly cultured people who regard music as a "frivolous thing". No one save a pork butcher or a stockbroker thinks painting, statuary, architecture, literature, or even poetry are light amusements for leisure, tired hours; they are looked on as serious and worthy matters; those whose occupation they form win knighthoods; peerages, and pensions. But only the official musicians get so much as a knighthood; and if any has yet been given a pension I shall be glad to hear the very new news. These remarks are not totally irrelevant. The general, and especially the literary, attitude to music explains why we have not a single permanent opera house in this country, and many other things besides—for instance, why, on every occasion, musical artists are asked to give their services for charity. Poets do not write poems for charity, nor painters paint pictures; but singers are asked to sing and players to play; and composers are calmly requested to forego their performing fees on their most popular works—that is, they are asked to surrender a portion of their livelihood. Recently two concerts were given for an undoubtedly deserving object—the "Empress of Ireland" relief fund—but why should Sir Henry Wood have to journey all the

way from somewhere in Italy to the Albert or Queen's Hall, there to conduct for nothing in order to coax a few guineas from the pockets of wealthy men and women, and a number of half-crowns from the pockets of men and women not so wealthy? Why should another gentleman have the trouble of organising a concert with the same estimable object? The rich should give all they can to charity and pay the musicians as well; music is a beggar and should not be robbed to save the rich. In the circumstances I shall not criticise the performances, but turn to another illustration of the "frivolous" view of music and its result.

Mr. Gabriel Fauré is one of the most gifted of the French school of composers. His position may be roughly described as midway between Saint-Saëns and Debussy or Ravel. But the people who regard music as frivolous want music to be frivolous; and they take good care to pay for what they want, and even better care not to pay for what they don't want. So, early in life, Mr. Fauré turned his back on serious music and set his face in the direction of the other sort. Result: a large quantity of stuff which it is safe to predict he will outlive, and a few serious attempts made after he had ruined his style and his pen. Years ago I heard in Brussels a mass which was intended to be dignified and devotional. But the facile pen kept running away with him and indulging, as it were on its own account, in the figurations and melodic outlines with which it had grown all too familiar. Lately his pupil, Mr. Lortat, has given a series of recitals entirely devoted to music that makes no pretence to high aim. I attended two of these; but, so far as getting a knowledge of Fauré's earlier and later styles is concerned, I might as well have stayed away from the second. Each concert was enjoyable enough by itself; but two I found monotonous, and a third would have been intolerable. The best that can be said of such music is that it is charming. Lady Speyer showed herself a competent artist; the same—though not more—can be said of Mr. Frank Bridge and Mr. Ivor James; the word to be applied to Fauré's own piano playing is that which I have applied to the music he played. As for Mr. Lortat, he is evidently a true piano virtuoso, but I must hear him in something bigger and broader. Somehow I missed the Chopin recitals which the daily papers refer to; but though they might have afforded a better basis for a judgment of his strength and variety, I cannot but think that to hear the whole of the Chopin piano works, one after another, must have proved a little exhausting. Even in the case of such a tremendous man as Beethoven these "one man shows" are rarely successful. The audiences at these Fauré "festivals" were wildly enthusiastic and demonstrative. This is just what I expected. The many ladies and few gentlemen who attended wanted music of an agreeable and harmless sort, making no demand on the intellect or the emotions, and they got it.

Curiously, the most frivolous music written to-day is that of Mr. Percy Grainger, and it is not frivolous. I mean that he does not set out to give us solemn sermons in music but simply to amuse us. He has a large pack of fads and gives them full play; he has his own names for all the wood-wind and brass instruments; but in spite of this he can write for them as the great masters did; he does not call his compositions "lieder ohne wörte", or by any fancy name; and being compact of contradictions he yet succeeds in writing honest, interesting, and often beautiful music. He draws largely on the folk-tunes of this land and ingeniously turns them into things that arrest the attention. He is not a great player of the pianoforte, but plays it well; as in his music, so in his playing, he shows himself the gayest spirit that has appeared since Mozart. His recital given on the last day of last month was one of the most exhilarating exhibitions of the sort of the season. Beginning with an arrangement of Bach's gigantic A minor organ prelude and fugue—to give us an appetite, I presume, for what was to follow

—he played things by Ravel, Cyril Scott, and Grieg; and I am glad to be able to say that he held his audience entranced. There is little or nothing to be said by way of criticism of such a performance. It was thoroughly enjoyable—which is all it was meant to be.

Not sufficient space is left me for a proper consideration of Mlynarski's concerts of Slavonic music, to which I referred not long ago; but may I point out to some of those who admire this music that its finest qualities are being overlooked, and people are crowding to hear it for the same reason that they crowd to the opera, to the Fauré concerts, to charity concerts—simply to be amused, to "frivol". That is a pity, for the freshness, energy and colour, especially in the Russian music, are glorious qualities that should be recognised. Of course, "Musco" music possesses many defects. Again and again I have insisted that a truer analogy than painting to music is architecture, and of true building there is little to be found in the work of any Russian, excepting Borodin. Even his architecture is not of the German sort; there is no solidly-laid foundation on which a stately edifice is raised with crowning spires and pinnacles; rather we have cartloads of gorgeous material piled up with an extravagant hand, the different brilliantly coloured pieces placed in an order which is right enough but not morticed or cemented firmly together in the approved Beethoven fashion. This is a very real defect: the intellect demands a satisfaction before we can consider a composition to be of the finest kind: an appeal only to the emotions and to our sensuous nature leaves us dissatisfied: we want the full meal and not merely ices and fruit. To get rid of mixed metaphors, the music of Borodin and Moussorgsky is not architectural, but a wild, luxuriant tropical growth. They could not build; their natures forbade the endeavour; if they had tried we should have had some tame and colourless imitations of the classical models which no one would have hearkened unto. Happily they did not, could not, try, but let their imaginations be master and run off with them, and we have such a splendid masterpiece as "Prince Igor"—a masterpiece, but not the very tip-top sort of masterpiece. None of the things played by Mlynarski touched that level, and it cannot be conceded that any of the Slavonic composers comes near Borodin. But the concerts were immensely interesting: it was good to hear stuff that is untrammelled and fresh: after hearing it we cannot go back to the superior school-exercises turned out by the younger Germans, or even by a gentleman who already begins to sound a little old-fashioned, Richard Strauss.

A few lines must be added about the Moody-Manners company, now giving really excellent performances at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. An opera new to me, "The Dance of Death", I did not hear; but I will do so before my next article. In the meantime I want to call attention to the fact that brilliant representations are given at singularly low prices. An extraordinary novelty to London will be "Elijah" as an opera.

A LAGGARD IN LOVE.

HIGH noon was afame on the hills far and wide, When leaned on his crook stood a shepherd who sighed:

"Now woe worth the day, see how Phyllida fares Up yonder green slope that no fierce sunbeam spares.

"Ah! would that my shepherdess tended her sheep Low down in the vale under boughs close and deep; For fain would I walk where the cool shadow lies, Yet fain would I look into Phyllida's eyes."

Thus plained the vexed shepherd, whom sorrow betid, For his flock roved afield while his fortune he chid; So needs must he follow, and at night's sill they strayed Where Phyllida laughed with his friend in the shade.

JANE BARLOW.

A TALE OF A BLACKBIRD.

By J. RUDGE HARDING.

I can resist everything but temptation. A temptation against which I am defenceless comes to me towards midnight, after a long evening's work at my writing-table, in the shape of a cosy arm-chair. Long experience ought to have taught me that to yield to it is fatal. Yet I never learn the lesson. I get up, tired and sleepy, in the full intention of going straight off to bed. And there, at my elbow, squats the tempter, leering up at me and insinuating in every curve: "Why not sit down and stretch your legs for five minutes before turning in?" All the good resolutions I have made times without number rise up and adjure me not to be an ass, but to go to bed. Sometimes they prevail; sometimes I hesitate, and then, of course, I am done for. The arms of that old chair draw me gently into their embrace, and, vowing I will ne'er consent, I sink down between them with a sigh—to wake up, stiff and cold, in the small hours.

One May night I fell once more—into the chair and fast asleep. . . . When I awoke it was three o'clock. Cursing my folly for the thousandth time, I staggered stiffly to my legs and—What sound was that? Could it be possible? My ears must have deceived me. . . . No, there it was again. Just outside my open window a blackbird, in full song!

But this was amazing. What on earth had induced a blackbird to come to this arid waste of brick and mortar? As a rule the only spring song to be heard from the windows of my flat—a tiny burrow in the huge human rabbit-warren that towers above the packed and narrow streets on every side—is the coarse chirrup of some love-lorn sparrow. A blackbird singing in May would have a mate and a nest hard by. But a blackbird's nest in this inhospitable desert! . . . Oh, the whole thing was incredible. There was no blackbird. I must have been dreaming. . . . And yet—no, by Jove, it was not a dream. A blackbird it was, without a doubt.

Here was a delightful surprise. After all it seemed that that deplorable habit of mine might be allowed to plead extenuating circumstances. For if I had been, like a rational being, snug in bed, dawn would have found me fast asleep and deaf to the finest blackbird that ever sang.

When at last I went to bed it was not to sleep but, wide-awake, to lie and listen, half-incredulous still, to that mellow strain floating to my ears in the hush of the morning.

Many a time in that month of May I was roused at dawn by the welcome serenade; and always I was filled with the wonder of it—that such a singer should choose such a place. But by day, though I tried diligently to find him, he was neither to be heard nor seen. Never was there so elusive, so mysterious a bird. Even though, as seemed possible, his home was among some old gardens several hundred yards away, it was passing strange he should forsake trees and bushes to sing his matins among tiles and chimney-pots.

Not till mid-June did I hear him again. Then, one morning at three o'clock, he woke me up once more. He was in splendid voice this time, and there was more variety than usual in the song. By and by he produced a phrase of four notes in a minor key, exactly like a part of some sonorous Gregorian chant. This he repeated again and again, deliberately; dwelling on it, as it were, with an air of self-complacency; and returning to it now and then, after an interlude of other sounds, as though proud of his new accomplishment. Sleep was out of the question while this lasted, and I lay and listened till the sparrows, awaking, drowned the singer's voice in their noisy chirping.

Four nights later I was bidden to a supper-party. Midnight—or thereabouts—usually finds me safe in bed (unless that wretched arm-chair has woven its spell). But this time the clock had struck three before I said "Good-night" and set out to walk home. Half an hour afterwards, as I turned the last corner, I heard

my blackbird singing. Now to solve the mystery! Louder and louder the song swelled out as I drew near. Dawn was breaking, and every moment the light grew stronger. But, though close at hand, he was nowhere to be seen. At last I found him, outside a window high up in a wall—in a cage! So this was the solution. Obvious, but it had never occurred to me. For a moment I felt stunned, as through the sudden loss of a friend. For this poor prisoner, though he sang with the same voice, could never take the place of the imagined wild thing who had so often charmed me from sleep. Had I guessed the truth, the sound of that caged bird's voice would have brought me, not pleasure but real pain, no matter how fine his music had been. I wished never to hear him again. And, strange to say, I never did. I often wondered why, and then this possible explanation came to me. Before the catastrophe, although the bird was not, perhaps, actually in my thoughts on going to bed, there may have been—tucked away somewhere at the back of my brain—an unconscious (or subconscious) anticipation of the pleasure in store for me at dawn. So that my senses, alert even during sleep, were tuned to catch, in the silence, the first notes of the song. And it may be that when, with disillusion, all desire to hear it had gone, I slept sound.

My reasoning may be sound or otherwise. At any rate the blackbird never woke me again; and I don't know to this day whether the cage with its captive still hangs against the wall. I have not the heart to look.

MOTORING.

ROUTES IN FRANCE.—I.*

BY HENRY J. HECHT.

MOTORING on the Continent makes a most joyous holiday, and, thanks to the International Pass issued in London by the Royal Automobile Club and the Automobile Association, it is now very simple to transport car and passengers without the filling up of innumerable papers and vexatious delays at frontier towns or villages. The most popular and expeditious route is by the South-Eastern and Chatham steamers from Folkestone to Boulogne (two services daily), and the writer has found it more advisable to take the mid-day boat from Folkestone, which reaches Boulogne at about half-past one, enabling the motorist to get comfortably on the route nationale for Abbeville before three o'clock. Boulogne has few attractions; nor are the hotels particularly good: for their accommodation they are exceedingly dear.

Following the Boulevard Daunon on leaving the harbour, a somewhat bumpy road joins the Rue Brecqueret, leading uphill out of the town straight to Samer (15 kil.). It is a fine broad switchback road, and fortunately the stretches of execrable pavé which existed until lately have been reduced to a few small reminders here and there. In the village of Samer (a very poor-looking collection of tumble-down houses), on reaching the open square, turn sharply to the right and go cautiously downhill, crossing the railway outside the place. Two kilometres beyond there is a stiff hill, winding somewhat before reaching the summit, but then it is a fine, fast, undulating road as far as Montreuil-sur-Mer (37 kil. from Boulogne). This small and ancient town on the crest of a hill must in prehistoric times have been on the sea, as its name indicates. At one time it must have been strongly fortified, the road entering the town uphill and passing innumerable remains of ramparts and battlements. The Hôtel de France is a charming old inn on the left-hand side, with a quiet courtyard and a modest but good restaurant.

Twelve miles to the east lies Agincourt, the scene of Henry V.'s victory. From Montreuil to Abbeville (a distance of 42 kil.) the road is faultless and fast running can be indulged in, although care should be

taken when coming down into some of the villages. Wailly, Nampont St. Martin, and Nouvion-en-Ponthieu are the more important hamlets passed before reaching the octroi of Abbeville, where the road descends sharply into the town. Abbeville is an old town on the river Somme, with a fine old church (St. Vulfran), a Gothic building of the sixteenth century, with a beautiful façade and richly adorned galleries. Ten miles north, on the road from Hesdin, lies Crecy, where Edward III. defeated Philip VI. Quite a good old-fashioned hotel is the Tête-de-Bœuf; a prominent yellow A.A. sign makes one think of home, but one is pleasantly reminded that this is not so when the menu is seen. There is variety—vegetables well cooked, fish with an appetising sauce, chicken roasted “à point”; how different from the everlasting roast mutton done to death and the “greens” full of water! One has the idea at most country hotels in small provincial English towns that the “greens”, after being cooked, could be well reinstated in their fields and would there continue to grow.

From Abbeville a very fine, undulating road, mostly over plains, and with excellent surface, leads to Beauvais (85 kil.), and on to Paris. Our road to Amiens (45 kil.) leaves the town by the Rue d'Amiens for Ailly and Flixécourt. The writer has found this the best road to Amiens, as the straight road following the Chemin de Fer du Nord main line from Calais to Paris has the disadvantage of numerous level crossings. The road via Flixécourt is rather more hilly, but more interesting, and crosses the railway for the first time at Picquigny, only a few kilometres before Amiens is reached.

The road enters the poor-looking outskirts of Amiens through the Faubourg de Hem, and the Rue de la Hotoie, Rue Gresset, and Rue des Trois-Cailloux. In the Rue de Noyon on the right is the Grand Hôtel du Rhin, a first-class hotel belonging to Mons. Mentha, who for many years was very active at the Carlton Hotel in London. As there is also an excellent garage in the hotel, a charming garden, and a first-class chef, it will be understood why the writer strongly advises the midday boat from Folkestone and an evening spent at Amiens instead of at Boulogne. Besides, Amiens has something wonderful to show—the glorious cathedral begun in 1220 and finished in 1375. It represents some of the very finest work of France's architects during the greatest periods of Gothic art. Some people think that the early glass in the eastern windows is equal to the finest in Chartres. It is a pity the surrounding streets are extremely ugly, almost squalid. In the Museum of Picardy there is an interesting collection of antiquities and a picture gallery. The new parts of the town are well laid out and many wealthy manufacturers live there, as it is an extremely important centre of cotton and woollen industry. The River Somme divides into a number of canals, which intersect the place and cause an unpleasant smell on a hot summer's day.

A morning spent in Amiens will suffice for the motorist who is anxious to go farther afield, and after déjeuner the run southwards can be resumed. A straight road passing the important barracks on the right leads out of the town to the dreary suburb of Longeau; at the crest of a long, gentle ascent two important roads divide, the one on the left going to St. Quentin and Sedan. We follow the right-hand road, which is a fine, undulating highway, though somewhat narrow in places, through Moreuil to Montdidier (36 kil. from Amiens), a small town on a hill, comparable to Montreuil-sur-Mer, and also a fortress of bygone days. Formerly the most execrable pavé prevented the motorist from following the straight road to Compiègne, but most of this has now been done away with. Nevertheless, be careful to follow this itinerary exactly, which avoids the portions still remaining:—Montdidier—Assainvillers—Rollot—Cuvilly—Ressons-sur-Matz—Marquenglise—Coupe-Gueule—Coudun, and finally Compiègne (71 kil. from Amiens, 195 kil. from Boulogne). The road on the whole is rather monotonous and the villages without

* Boulogne to Reims via Abbeville, Amiens, Compiègne, and Soissons. (295 kilometres=183 miles.)

interest. Compiègne, however, is a very lively, attractive little town, charmingly placed on the Oise. The Rue d'Amiens leads into the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville. Compiègne was a favourite place of many Kings of France, and the palace built in the reign of Louis XV. contains wonderful tapestries and Sévres porcelain. Napoleon I., whose bedroom is one of the chief royal rooms in the building, often stayed at the palace. In front of the Hôtel de Ville, a delightful sixteenth-century building, stands a monument to Joan of Arc, who was taken prisoner here by the Burgundians. In the market square is the Hôtel de la Cloche, an unpretentious but excellent hotel with a delightfully amiable proprietor, who makes the motorist welcome by providing everything of the best.

Leaving the town, the road soon enters the glorious Forêt de Compiègne, extending for many kilometres chiefly on the right-hand side. It should be mentioned that Compiègne is a favourite hunting centre, and many beautiful villas, the property of well-to-do Parisians, are dotted around. The road is generally in splendid condition through Coulouisy, Jaulzy, and Vic-sur-Aisne to Soissons (40 kil. from Compiègne and 235 from Boulogne). The spires of Soissons' beautiful Gothic church are seen some ten kilometres before entering this busy little town, which was one of Cæsar's headquarters (Noviodunum). In 1814 it played a prominent part in Napoleon's campaign. The Hôtel de la Croix d'Or is a comfortable hotel, where one must not fail to ask for the celebrated "haricots de Soissons".

Leaving Soissons, it is now possible to follow the route nationale as far as Braisne, the pavé having been replaced by well-laid small bricks; it is, however, somewhat narrow in places for an important main road.

At Braisne (18 kil. from Soissons) it is most important to follow this itinerary carefully in order to avoid the pavé, which has not all been removed on the route nationale. Turn to the right in the chief street of the sleepy old town, where the sign-post reads, "Limé—St. Thibault", and follow a pretty country lane through these two villages, afterwards leaving on the right the Mont Notre Dame, a hill on the crest of which is an old church and an eighteenth-century château delightfully situated. At Bazoches the main line of railway is crossed and the road climbs up to rejoin the route nationale a few kilometres before Fismes, a small market town dating from Roman times. We are now in La Champagne, and a fast, broad road with ranges of low hills on both sides leads through Jonchery to Reims. Long before reaching this historical old city the spires of its noble cathedral loom on the horizon.

The Avenue de Paris, followed by the Rue Colin de Vesle, leads to the centre of the city. When you reach the theatre, turn to the right, which brings you to the cathedral, opposite which is the Hôtel du Lion d'Or, into the hospitable courtyard of which the motor is driven (60 kil. from Soissons, 295 kil. from Boulogne). This is a most charming and typically French hotel; the writer has spent at least one night there every year for the last seven or eight years when on a Continental motor tour, and the amiable staff has remained the same—always a good sign in an hotel. The cuisine is particularly good and the selection of champagne in the cellars probably unique. To enjoy thoroughly the many beauties of the old city of Reims the motorist should stay at least a couple of days. Its history would cover a whole volume—the capital of the great Philo-Roman tribe of the Remi suffered greatly at the hands of barbarians, notably the savage Huns. Under the Franks, its Bishop Remigius (St. Rémi) had the glory of baptising King Clovis in 496. Thenceforward it was France's sacred city, and saw the anointing with "sacred oil" of many French Kings, the most celebrated of whom was Charles VII., his coronation following the victories of Joan of Arc. In 1814 Napoleon here gained one of his last victories.

The imposing cathedral of Reims was commenced early in the thirteenth century; space forbids giving a detailed description of its hundreds of wonderful sculptured figures. Without doubt the three beautiful portals are amongst the most perfect thirteenth-century doorways in Europe. Besides the cathedral, Reims can boast of many beautiful old buildings, notably the Hôtel de Ville, the Archbishop's Palace, the Abbey of St. Rémi, and the Porte de Mars.

In the succeeding articles on north-eastern France a brief description will be given of the important "routes nationales" from Reims to Verdun-Metz and Verdun-Luxemburg, and via Châlons-sur-Marne to Nancy and the Vosges Mountains.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CRISIS AND TARIFF REFORM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

14 July 1914.

SIR,—At a public dinner, the other day, an able Unionist speaker and worker, who had been campaigning in many places in England, told me that all through this crisis the subject of all subjects on which he found, and finds, the masses really interested is Tariff Reform.

It is madness, he said, to put this question on the shelf: the workers, he declared, were, and are to-day, far more eager to hear about Tariff Reform than to hear about Ireland.

The speaker and worker in question is a soldier. I asked him, "Surely the people are interested in the Army?" He replied that it was not the Army, not the Navy, not Ireland, not Disestablishment, not the Minimum Wage, not even Insurance, the masses of the voters wanted to hear about. But Tariff Reform, always Tariff Reform, first and foremost, Tariff Reform.

He was indignant that Tariff Reform should be shelved in any way; and he held that, numerically, the bald Cobdenites on the Unionist side were entirely insignificant—from an electioneering point of view, not, indeed, worth considering.

It is probably quite true. They are insignificant. Certainly there is a large section of the Unionist Party set against Food Taxes—quite another matter, for that section is by no means bald Cobdenite. On the contrary, it wishes for a tax on manufactured articles; and holds that we must insist on such a tax when we come in.

Yours faithfully,

A MODERATE TARIFF REFORMER.

THE NEW TAXATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

25, Amwell Street, E.C.

SIR,—Unfortunately for the present Government it had a big credit to make good with very small ways and means to do it. In the political auction mart these so-called "reformers" had made a big bid for power without being possessed with the knowledge to use it. As an instance of this we have seen the lack of cohesive form in the periodical redistribution of its administrative units. Two powers of administration alone have remained unchanged—the power to administrate taxation and that of foreign administration.

Why is this? If we look deeply into it we shall get a very characteristic answer, though it is obviously on the surface. Whenever a reshuffle of Ministers has occurred the cause can invariably be traced to unpopularity. Instance the more important changes made at the Home Office, Admiralty, and War Office.

Even the Foreign Office stood in danger in this respect, but the change here could not, evidently, be made with safety.

It is Mr. Lloyd George who has kept most of the lime-light. This man, as it were, on entering office found to hand a ready-made instrument, whereby, without prejudicing his popularity like his colleagues, he could discount a large portion of his party's credit. It did not matter in

the least how this was done. With such an appalling state of public affairs facing him, he did not, as a statesman would, take infinite pains to inquire. No; his entire mode of procedure may be likened to that of the revolutionist rather than the reformer. He is virtually a modern Robespierre, who wields the tax instead of the axe. As blood obscured the reason of the Frenchman, so money obscures the reason of the Englishman. Systems of bloodshed were before Robespierre's time, so he blindly acted upon precedent.

Systems of taxation were before Lloyd George's time, and he has blindly acted upon precedent. Had Robespierre been asked why he propagated wholesale slaughter, most probably he would have answered: "To exterminate the aristocrat".

Obviously, it is Mr. Lloyd George's desire to exterminate the capitalist, though he will and must fail as completely as his fellow-revolutionist. In a certain review I have remarked that Robespierre might have been a genius, but that facts do not proclaim it. I venture to say the same here of Mr. Lloyd George. Man, of all creation, was never meant for an existence of stupid mediocrity—never meant to vegetate upon a dead level. Suppose, for general enlightenment, we discover the weakness in the character of each of these men. It consists of the craze for the total extermination of nobility in the one, and of independence in the other.

Thus, by the first we reduce man to a state of mere animalism (to coin a word), and by the second we reduce him to a state of gross (State) dependence, both of which may be said to be most honourable and highly commendable schemes. They simply prove the danger of blindly following precedent.

Robespierre never asked himself the question why a state of national aristocracy was necessary. He was swayed by a mediocre idealism. Had he pondered on the above question he might have acted differently. It is evident that Mr. Lloyd George has never asked himself the question why a system of national taxation was necessary. Had he done so he might have proved a more successful Chancellor.

For instance, it is obvious, in the mere question, that it must be for organic purposes—the organic purposes of supply and demand. Thus, apart from a system of national taxation, supply and demand would simply be a matter of individual values. Picture a State without any form of national value, and you get a state of society where values are formed by special monopolies. There is here no general ground of security. But, it may be surmised, we have a system of national taxation which is apparently no guarantee for a general ground of security. To this I demur most emphatically. We have, indeed, a system of taxation which is nominally national, but actually individual. It is nominally national by way of adjustment—that is to say, there must be an equivalent of 20s. in the £.

But—and this is the point—an equivalent is not necessarily sound. Twenty shillings in the £ can be a matter of personal as well as impersonal balance—that is to say, it can be a matter of peculiar interest (20s. in the £, less so much per cent.).

If, therefore, our national system of adjustment is subject to such varying forms of security, how, in the name of common sense, can we arrive at a true balance of national affairs? And if, as the case is, we do not arrive at a true balance, but only at a balance of, say, 18s. in the £, the actual deficit on present expenditure would be something like £20,000,000. It must be understood that I am only assuming the national percentage on £2,000,000,000 (the amount credited as the nation's income) to be 10 per cent. It may be more or less, though it is an indisputable fact that it is less than 20s. in the £. Why is it, I ask, as I have asked before, that the cost of producing the national income (which must not be confused with private income cost) is less than 20s. in the £?

If the national (not private) expenditure is so much more than the national (not private) cost of production, the only way out of the dilemma is taxation of production. Thus the national ground of security may be a 22s. in the £

value, but in this way the individual ground of security is reduced to 18s. in the £.

There should be no difference between the national and individual ground of security. This is a point which has never been taken into consideration by political economists, and it happens to be a most vital point. Now, an extraordinary part of Mr. Lloyd George's taxation is this: he makes pretence of taxing non-productive or unearned forms of income. This amounts to a contradiction of terms. Thus the national ground of security (that of taxation) may be as high as a 16s. in the £ form of value, but as you increase the national so you decrease and exploit the individual ground of security, and vice-versa. If the national stands at 16s., the individual stands at 4s. in the £; and if the individual stands at 16s., the national stands at 4s. in the £.

What is the good of taxation which professes to benefit the worker by returning to him in the form of charity that (or part of it) which has been filched from him by the State? Again, what is the good of taxation which professes to benefit the State by returning to it in the form of taxation that (or part of it) which has been filched from it by the individual?

When the State and the individual both receive their just dues we shall enter upon an era of sound economics—not before.

Your obedient servant,
H. C. DANIEL.

THE INDIANS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I have just seen in your issue of 28 March a letter from Mr. N. W. Hill, lately of the Cape Civil Service. The letter is very interesting and most fairly written, but it appears to be written under a misapprehension that vitiates his conclusions. His main thesis is that the Indian trouble in South Africa has arisen because of Indian immigration. In point of fact there has been, with the exception of that of indentured Indians, no Indian immigration into South Africa worth speaking of for years, and whilst indentured Indians were brought here to serve the purposes of Europeans by a semi-Government organisation, at the request of South African Indians and upon pressure from public opinion in India, that form of immigration into South Africa was stopped by the Indian Government from July 1911. Not only is there practically no Indian immigration into South Africa, but for some years past, leaving indentured immigration on one side, the Indian population has been dwindling, whilst since 1911 even the labouring population has but slightly increased, owing to a large number of Indians returning to India upon completion of their contracts of indenture.

Unfortunately, however, it is extraordinarily difficult to dig beneath public prejudices on the Asiatic question and get to these rock-bottom facts.

The main trouble, so far as immigration is concerned, is not whether there should be Indian immigration or not, but whether its restriction should be accomplished by Statute differentiating upon racial grounds, and thereby offering a public insult to some hundreds of millions of His Majesty's loyal subjects, or whether public prejudice should be conciliated by comparatively innocuous administrative measures. And of late religious prejudices have been deeply aroused by defects in the law, prohibiting the legal entry of the wives and families of resident Indians on the ground that, though the marriages may be *de facto* monogamous, they are *de jure* polygamous.

It is hoped that the recent Indian Grievances Commission's Report, which goes very far to settle the outstanding grievances that gave rise to passive resistance, will be adopted by the Union Government, and that Parliament and Government will give effect to the Commission's recommendations this Session by Statute and by administrative reform.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,
H. S. L. POLAK.
Editor, "Indian Opinion."

A PLEA FOR DELHI.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.
Peshawar Club, Peshawar,

10 June 1914.

SIR,—In your issue of 16 May there is an article on "The Indian White Elephant". I have read both it and Lord Curzon's speech, to which it refers, with great interest.

It is an exaggeration to say the change never appealed to the mass of the English people in India. I have spoken to a good many people on the subject, and the great majority of them all said it was an excellent move. The argument against it, that the site is unhealthy, is also exaggerated. A new city is going to be built, and it will be built healthy. There is no place in the whole of India—and perhaps few in the world—with a better climate from October to March than the Southern Punjab. It is, I think, a mistake to imagine that in Delhi the Government of India will lose touch with realities and escape healthy criticism. Calcutta represents a very small part of India, and its inhabitants are all too prone to imagine that no other place is of any importance compared with Calcutta. I think the arguments for the change could be summed up as under:—

1. Delhi is the natural centre of India. If you look at the great railway lines and lines of commerce, it is here that they join. The Bombay-Calcutta-Punjab lines all meet at Delhi, and with a governor at each of the Presidency cities it is not likely that the Central Government will lose touch with all the commercial world.

2. It brings the seat of government in the winter a day nearer home. This is an advantage that it is impossible to appreciate at home.

3. It brings the Central Government nearer the new centres of commerce and wealth. The enormous wheat-growing districts of the Punjab, with their outlet at Karachi, the manufacturing districts of Cawnpore and the United Provinces are all brought more in contact with the Central Government.

4. It places the seat of government among a more loyal population. This is a tremendous advantage, and can hardly be overestimated.

5. If the repeal of the partition of Bengal was necessary this was necessary too. I am not in any way defending the repeal of the partition, which most people in India think a great mistake. But if it was to be done, it is better to concede this to our most loyal Indian subjects, *i.e.*, the Mohammedans. I have spoken to Mohammedans on the subject, and they are all pleased at the change of capital, though naturally regretting the repeal of the partition of Bengal. Of course, it is to be regretted that we have abandoned our own city, built up by English wealth and enterprise; but I think the advantages more than balance this, and as it is now too late to cry "Halt," as you rightly suggest, it is better to make the new Delhi a worthy capital than, so to speak, to spoil the ship for a ha'porth of tar.

After all, India pays—not England, and all the criticism has come from England.

Yours faithfully,

PUNJABEE.

SUFFRAGE INSULTS TO THE KING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.
Lyceum Club, 128, Piccadilly, W.

11 July 1914.

SIR,—As an earnest suffragist and well known, I cannot be accused of laxity in the cause if I protest, in the strongest manner, against the flood of vulgar insults which have been poured out against His Majesty ever since the above deputation was refused admittance to the King. In the Caxton Hall, recently, a Mr. Nevinson indulged in an insane tirade on the subject. At most of the meetings, except those arranged by the constitutional party, the most disloyal utterances have been indulged in. We have enough of lawlessness and violence all over the kingdom: do not let us add disloyalty to the list. Personally, I would have been glad if the King had seen his way to receive the deputation. But as His Majesty decided not, that decision should have closed the subject. I think such utterances should be sup-

pressed, drastically, but legally—not by violence—wherever they occur.

Faithfully yours,
ADA SHURMER.

THE VICTOR HUGO STATUE IN GUERNSEY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.
65, Springfield Road,

St. John's Wood, N.W.

SIR,—Apropos of the Victor Hugo statue inaugurated in Guernsey on 7 July, if Tennyson's deprecators accuse him of at times indulging in extravagances, how much more is Hugo to be considered reprehensible in this respect! Here with is an illustrative comparison.

Take the last six lines of Tennyson's "Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere":—

She look'd so lovely, as she sway'd
The rein with dainty finger-tips,
A man had given all other bliss,
And all his worldly wealth for this,
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips.

Now compare Victor Hugo's two-verse poem of later date, namely, "A une Femme":—

Enfant ! si j'étais roi, je donnerais l'empire,
Et mon char, et mon sceptre, et mon peuple à genoux,
Et ma couronne d'or, et mes bains de porphyre,
Et mes flottes, à qui la mer ne peut suffire,
Pour un regard de vous !

Si j'étais Dieu, la terre et l'air avec les ondes,
Les anges, les démons courbés devant ma loi,
Et le profond chaos aux entrailles fécondes,
L'éternité, l'espace, et les cieux et les mondes,
Pour un baiser de toi !

The following English rendering by your correspondent should be sufficiently literal to indicate the extravagances alluded to by him:—

Child ! were I King, I would my empire yield,
Chariot, and sceptre, all who suppliant kneel'd,
My golden crown, my baths of porphyrite,
My fleets o'er crowding ocean day and night,
For one sweet look from you !

Were I the Deity, earth, air and waves,
Angels above, and curb'd demon-slaves,
And chaos in profoundest depths unfurl'd,
Eternity and space, the heavens, the world,
For one sweet kiss from thee !

The extremes to which Tennyson goes simply pale before those of Victor Hugo, who, as his chronicler, Sir Frank T. Marzials, has indicated, "never stood in sufficient awe of a superlative".

I am, Sir,
Yours faithfully,
ALGERNON WARREN.

POPE AND HOMER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.
SIR,—From early youth I have been accustomed to hear Pope's "Homer" spoken of as a very fine English poem; but not "Homer". It has often occurred to me that a fine English poem is just what is wanted in order to represent the original Greek one; and that the former, in order to be in spirit true to the letter, *must* differ very widely in many things—conforming, for instance, to alterations in idiom, in literary taste and habitude. A song of Burns, to be intelligently presentable to an ancient Greek, would have to drop rhyme, and be modified in many other ways. Was not Pope right in adopting rhymed heroic verse and in the free use of epithets, so as to present the essential "Homer" to the English mind and in keeping with the traditional usages of English literature? A Hebrew Psalm, to be perfectly translated into English, must be somewhat of a

paraphrase, and must be versified and set forth in rhyme, as our sacred hymns usually are; in other words, it has to resemble Pope's translation of "Homer". In Butcher and Lang's preface to their prose translation of the "Odyssey" they say that the prose may give the story, but not the song; and yet seem to object to verse and rhyme (which would, in capable hands, inevitably give the song) on account of the supplemental epithets which have to be thrown in unauthorisedly to meet the "extremity of rhyme's distress". But in skilled hands, like those of Pope, why may not the epithets thrown in be exactly what is needed to give fulness of the ancient author's conception to the English mind?

Yours, etc.,

T. B.

SAXON SPELLS OR CHARMs.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

13 July 1914.

SIR,—As you have been dealing with old-world words and practices in your correspondence "Village Words", I venture to send you the following from the late Rev. Oswald Cockayne's "Leechdoms, Wortcunning and Starcraft of Early England":—"To Find Lost Cattle."—"Neither stolen or hidden be aught of what I own; any more than Herod could our Lord. I remembered Saint Helena, and I remembered Christ on the rood hung; so I think to find these beoves, not to have them go far, and to know where they are, not to work them mischief, and to lose them, not to lead them astray. Garmund, servant of God, find me these beoves, and fetch me these beoves, and have these beoves, and bring home these beoves, so that he the misdoer may never have any land to lead them to, nor ground to bring them to, nor house to keep them in. If one do this deed, let him avail never. Within three nights will I try his powers, his might, his main, and his protecting crafts. Be he quite wary, as wood is ware of lime, or thigh of bramble or thistle, he who may be thinking to mislead these beoves or to mispossess this cattle. Amen." The English of this jargon is delightful. Quaint and polite is "mispossess" for thieving.

A Saxon remedy for a woman's chatter was, "Taste at night fasting a root of radish, that day the chatter cannot harm thee." I humbly apologise, Sir, to your lady readers, and pray them of their courtesy to forgive me, especially as radishes are now in season, and the remedy could easily be tried. But in these civilised days there is happily no need.

I am, Sir,

Yours, etc.,

W. J. TATE.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—An Oxford man tells us that he always puts the question to champions of Cambridge: "Why does the world invariably use the order Oxford and Cambridge?" Well, Sir, I would point out that the world has very little choice: it must either speak of Oxford and Cambridge, or of Cambridge and Oxford. But the explanation may be that, though Cambridge men have helped on the world as well as Oxford men, the manifested qualities of human or inhuman beings which attract the multitude are better displayed by Oxford. On a plebiscite taken for greatness the metaphysician J—W— would be nowhere against the athlete C—. But does it really mean anything whether we speak of Oxford and Cambridge or of Cambridge and Oxford? As Mr. Toots remarked, long ago, it is a matter of no importance even if we give—as we do—precedence to an undistinguished nobleman over a distinguished commoner. Or is it just possible Cambridge men are modest and ready to do good work from a back seat? It is certain that the Cambridge man, when unwillingly obliged to admit he has been at a university, invariably speaks of himself simply as a Cambridge man.

Your obedient servant,
TRIN. COLL. CAM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.
10, Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.,

11 July 1914.

SIR,—Your correspondent, "Exeter College", asks: "Why does the world invariably use the order Oxford and Cambridge?" The answer is simple. The order to which we have been accustomed for so many years is easier to pronounce and rolls more glibly off the tongue. We speak of the Army and Navy for the same reason, although the Navy is the senior service.

Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM HAMILTON GREGORY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Camphire, Cappoquin, co. Waterford,

12 July 1914.

SIR,—A Cambridge man myself, I am son and father of Cambridge men, and therefore am prejudiced in favour of Cambridge. Still—in reply to your correspondent "Exeter College"—why does the world invariably use the order "Army and Navy", although the Navy is the senior and not the least important and popular of the two Services?

I am, etc.,

R. C. DOBBS.

[This correspondence is now closed.—ED.]

CHILDREN'S HOLIDAY FUND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Chairman's Room, County Hall, Spring Gardens,

10 July 1914.

SIR,—As chairman of the body which is the local education authority for London, and which is concerned with the welfare of some 750,000 children, I am writing to you to enlist your sympathy in a cause which must appeal strongly to the citizens of London at this time of year. I need not remind your readers how the London County Council is carrying on day by day great work for the children of London through its system of education, not only training their characters and minds, but also caring for their physical well-being by means of physical exercises, organised games, playground classes, school journeys, open air schools and medical supervision. I need not recall to them what opportunities for healthy recreation are provided for the children in the parks and open spaces that the Council controls. In spite, however, of all that the Council can do, the fact remains that, when holiday time comes round, the children naturally crave for a change from their ordinary surroundings and there are many who look with envying eyes on their more fortunate neighbours who are able to go away into country air and country scenes, where they can roam in fields and woods and see with their own eyes the wonders of flower and bird and butterfly. Would it not be a good plan for everyone who takes their own child away for a holiday, or goes for a holiday alone, to send a contribution to the Children's Country Fund at the same time? The amount could be such as would suit all pockets, for ten shillings gives a fortnight's holiday to one child, and four half-crowns would therefore provide the fortnight, while a £5 note would give ten whole fortnights to lucky little people. Those who did this would, I have no doubt, double the enjoyment of their own holiday, by giving joy to another. I understand that this year money is not coming in to the Children's Country Holidays Fund so well as in previous years, and the society is at present nearly £1,000 short of subscriptions. I earnestly hope that all who are able to spare something towards brightening the holiday time of our London children will send a contribution at once to the treasurer, The Earl of Arran, 18, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

PEEL,

Chairman of the London County Council.

REVIEWS.

GOLDSMITH.

"The Bee and Other Essays by Oliver Goldsmith, together with the Life of Nash. Humphrey Milford." Oxford: University Press. 1s. 6d. net.

"DISTINCTION" is one of the few terms of praise which keep a certain sharpness of meaning, whether in appreciation of literature, of art, or of human personality; and the word should be sedulously guarded. No competent writer would use it in speaking, for example, of Stevenson or of Carlyle; these men, however one may rate them, could never write half a page without proclaiming their divagation from accepted standards. They may be none the worse for that. You may express a vigorous personality by frequent and unusual expletives; you may wear a red hat in the park; you may be unlike your neighbours in every conceivable point, and these unlikenesses may indicate real originality, but they will not give you distinction. To use only those words which might have suggested themselves to any well-bred and well-educated man, to keep the general tone of cultivated society, to avoid all exaggerated emphasis, and yet to set your own stamp upon the utterance, to charge it with personality, so that after a century's passage it keeps the accent and inflection of a living voice, rendering to the inner ear all the varied play of interest, amusement, indignation, pity, contempt or wonder that lies behind the narrative or argument—this is to write with distinction, and there is no more admirable achievement in the world of art; nor was there ever a writer who accomplished it more fully than Oliver Goldsmith.

For such a quality you cannot praise the artist without praising the man. Real distinction implies fundamental simplicity and sincerity, a hatred of affectation, a perfect taste in essentials; it implies also a personality so remarkable that it can make itself recognised without superficial irregularities or eccentricities. To us perhaps Goldsmith seems more entitled to praise than to the age that knew him. The standards of excellence vary from generation to generation, and we to-day should be much inclined to rank him among the saints. Our ancestors conceived a saint as one who, harsh to himself, was harsh in his judgment of others; we swing towards a belief that charity rather than austerity, constancy rather than vigour, hope rather than fear, acceptance rather than avoidance, the will to absolve rather than to condemn, the unerring heart-instinct rather than irreproachable behaviour, constitute the marks of essential and sublimated goodness. By whom in that age would one rather have been judged than by Goldsmith? Not assuredly by Johnson, not by Burke, not even by Sir Joshua; and could Wesley himself have had so tolerant a wisdom? Consulted on any question, from a punctilio of courtesy to some issue which should decide the very life or death of honour, that tender gravity, that fine heart which could smile and not despise, would have pronounced a sentence of its own, unmoved by preconceived opinion, on the living reality of things. There is more Christianity in "The Vicar of Wakefield" than in all the sermons of a century.

In the "Vicar" Goldsmith has to deal with characters of his own devising: his philosophy plays over congenial themes. But in his scattered and casual writings he was only too often engaged on what Grub Street offered as a way to sustenance. Certain of his essays, especially those which deal with the theatre, are fully typical of his mind—facets of it, yet having its full lustre. There is, however, in this volume which the Oxford Press issues one piece of undoubtedly hack work in the Life of Nash; hurriedly put together, ill-arranged, padded out with unassimilated material, and yet extraordinarily interesting and characteristic. It would never have been Goldsmith's choice to write the history of a career and a character which, in so far as was possible to his gentleness, he despised. There

could scarcely have been a case in which it was more difficult for him to do justice, since Nash was repugnant not only to his excellences but to his foibles. Goldsmith had the most simple natural taste for pleasure: he loved to be appreciated, he desired success, he desired to be recognised for a wit, he even wanted to wear fine clothes. Yet there were ingrained in him oddities and awkwardnesses proceeding chiefly from a shyness, itself the result of long poverty and privation, which kept the world always laughing at him. Nash was a man who succeeded precisely where Goldsmith failed; he too loved fine clothes, but he knew how to wear them; in society he imposed himself by a domineering insolence. His biographer says:

"He had some wit; but it was of that sort which is rather happy than permanent. Once a week he might say a good thing; this the little ones about him took care to divulge; or if they happened to forget the joke, he usually remembered to repeat it himself. In a long intercourse with the world he had acquired an impenetrable assurance; and the freedom with which he was received by the great furnished him with vivacity which could be commanded at any time, and which some mistook for wit. He understood rank and precedence with the utmost exactness, was fond of show and finery himself, and generally set a pattern of it to others. These were his favourite talents, and he was the favourite of such as had no other."

To this severe estimate is added a page which reproduces the Beau's talk dramatically, and the sketch is no way flattering. Johnson would probably have said that Goldsmith envied the success which was always denied to himself; and it would have been no more unjust than Johnson's other strictures. In truth, the queer saint whose own mind was a bubbling well of humour knew what laughter was and what it ought to be; he knew the importance of keeping those springs pure, uncontaminated by affectation, unsullied by cruelty. Stupid applause encouraged Nash in the habit of using rudeness to raise a laugh; and Goldsmith arraigned not so much the Beau as those who laughed with him. The world accepted Nash as a wit and Goldsmith challenged and overthrew its verdict; but what the world had condemned, Goldsmith defended, the man's essential humanity. Nash was a professional gambler, that is true, and Goldsmith deplores his trade; but he emphasises that this gambler took no mean advantages, that he was generous with his winnings, and by his example increased the "noble emulation" among the rich in works of charity and munificence. He was not only a gambler but held a secret share in the tables; when this came to be discovered, the world hissed; but Goldsmith, admitting that Nash had done a shady thing, is much more concerned to condemn public unkindness to this "poor good-natured but misguided man, every day calumniated with some new slander and continually endeavouring to obviate its effects". After all, he says, the man was a good creature; he trusted his confederates and was cheated by them; this is "one of those lights into his character which, while they impeach his understanding, do honour to his benevolence". It gives the Beau a kinship with buyers of green spectacles by the gross. Others of his qualities, his courage and, above all, his repression of arrogance among the rich, are praised with insight; we are made to feel that the "Monarch of Bath" did society a real service by forcing "people of fortune" to become sociable. "In every nation there are enough who have no other business or care but that of buying pleasure; and he taught them who bid at such an auction the art of procuring what they sought without diminishing the pleasure of others."

If one compares the impression left by Goldsmith's essay with that proceeding from the ingenious eulogies of Bath wits—quoted, alas! at too great length, to fill up the measure of his task—how much better is Nash's memory served by the judge than by his friends. Goldsmith's attitude is untouched by pose; he treats the man simply as a human being, looks him gravely

between the eyes, and cannot pretend either respect or liking. But where he sees good in him, he praises without hint of persiflage; where he condemns he condemns without asperity. The end of this superannuated buck and gamster, clinging on to the semblance of gaiety and fashion, fills him with a grave pity; he will not affect to condone or to ignore the paltriness of such ambitions as Nash followed for a time with success, or the ignominy of his impotent effort to retain those tawdry honours; but he has shown what of honest worth was in the man, and what real profit resulted from his activities; and he waves his memory to rest with a gesture of kindly dismissal.

THE ABORIGINES OF AUSTRALIA.

"The Native Tribes of the Northern Territory of Australia." By Baldwin Spencer. Macmillan. 21s. net.

REVIEWED BY BISHOP FRODSHAM.

THE Australian Aborigines have suffered more than most native races from imperfect observation and from hasty generalisations. It is possible to meet men who have lived all their lives in close contact with these primitive folk, and who yet take the most divergent views as to their characters, their capacities, their customs, their past and their future.

With regard to the so-called "tame blacks", there is scarcely room for two opinions. With very few exceptions, and these principally to be found in a handful of mission stations, they are hopelessly degenerate. The gulf fixed between their curiously elaborated social organisation and western civilisation has proved too wide to be bridged by them. An Australian Aborigine of considerable intellectual ability, who held for some years my licence as a lay-reader, and who was a member of the North Queensland Synod, once said, in a speech to that august body, that he was wondering how long it would be before his people could have such a gathering of their own. There was a note of deep pathos in the speech, for most of his hearers felt that any attempt at alleviating the lot of his people, at the best, could be little more than smoothing the pillow of a dying race.

The "wild blacks", on the other hand, still roam over their shrinking domains in tropical Australia, where very few white men have the opportunity of coming into close contact with them. Those who do so are not usually skilled scientific observers. Neither are they free from prejudice nor invariably accurate in their language. Their avocations lay upon them the primary duty of protecting cattle from the depredations of a race of hunters, or make them desire to bend into habits of industry a people who, when the pangs of hunger are assuaged, know how to idle right royally. A certain number are bitterly antagonistic to the slightest whisper of good concerning the aborigines, while it is only fair to say there are others who are equally strongly optimistic. They have felt the attractiveness of a brave, inconsequential merry folk—fascinating if disappointing withal. This variation of evidence has a distinct bearing upon anthropological theories, especially when anthropologists are dependent altogether upon the observation of others. It is possible, as everyone who knows the Australian aborigines must recognise, for even the greatest anthropologist to be quite accurate in his quotations and yet to fall far short in assessing the credibility of the witnesses whom he calls into evidence.

It is assumed far too frequently by English and European savants that the Australian aborigines are, or were, a homogeneous people. This is not the case. The southern aborigines showed many characteristics variant from those of the tropical north. The coast blacks are different in customs and appearance from those of the central plains. The movements of peoples is an obscure subject. From its situation Australia may have been preserved from the devastating hordes which, from time to time, swarmed from the great hiving places of the human race to

settle over Asia and Europe, driving out older inhabitants before their face. None the less, Australia must not be separated in this respect from the desirable Eastern Archipelago, and there is good reason for believing that this southern continent, almost as large as the continent of Europe, shows traces of two, perhaps of three, distinct movements of population. The first inhabitants of Australia appear to have belonged to a black, woolly-haired race, of which pigmy representatives are to be found in the Malay Peninsula, in the Philippine Islands, and in New Guinea. The race formed the ground stock of the Melanesians, and remained, almost untouched by any other strain of blood, in the recently extinct Tasmanians. On the mainland of Australia, this proto-aboriginal race were exterminated, or amalgamated, by another people of Indian pre-dravidic stock. While the writer confesses that he has always believed that a third movement considerably modified the aboriginal race in the extreme north and along the coast-line of North Queensland, Professor Baldwin Spencer thinks that there is rarely seen among the native tribes of northern Australia anything like a trace of Malay blood. He further records that Mr. Sydney H. Ray, who has examined the languages of these same tribes, has decided that there is no evidence of Malay influence in them. How far these decisions affect a prehistoric movement of population it is not easy to say. Certainly there are existing among the northern aborigines occasional traces of those curious aquiline features which sporadically appear through Malaya, and which may point to a common atavism.

Another common assumption is open to very serious doubt. The social organisation of the Australian aborigines is not necessarily of a primitive character—at least so far as it can be regarded safely as being symptomatic of the primitive social organism from which more civilised races have evolved. It is far from improbable that Australia has been a theatre of degeneration rather than a preserve of primitive humanity. Their intricate marriage customs, for instance, appear far less intelligible to the blacks themselves than they do to us. Is it clear that they were always as unintelligible as they now are?

Some time ago Dr. Fraser quoted Professor Baldwin Spencer and myself in support of a curious fact we had both observed in tropical Australia. The aborigines in North Queensland, I had noticed, appeared to think that the procreation of children was due to the reception of food from the hands of a man. Among the central tribes, so carefully described by Messrs. Spencer and Gillan, there was a "belief in the existence of spirit children, who inhabit certain definite localities and enter women." Dr. Roth in Queensland, and Mrs. Bates in Western Australia, have supported, also from their own observation, this somewhat surprising fact. The question arises as to how far this represents a primitive ignorance. Professor Baldwin Spencer, in an interesting passage in the book under review (pp. 23-26) appears to support this view. Mr. Walter Heape on the other hand, commenting upon our evidence, in his "Sex Antagonism", shrewdly remarked that there is reason to doubt if the ancestors of the present aborigines were as ignorant as they profess themselves to be. With regard to the bona-fides of the aborigines who have spoken to me upon the subject I have no doubt, but conventional ideas have an apparent reality very deceptive even to more trained intelligences than those of the aborigines. It is quite possible that the present generation of aborigines have come to accept as a matter of unquestioned belief what their ancestors successfully wished to believe. So far I am inclined to agree with Mr. Heape.

As another example in point, the religious sense may be adduced. With the exception of a rudimentary spiritism, a belief in magic, and an evasive tradition of a semi-mythical ancestor who brought them out of ignorance into light, the Australian aborigines appear to be the most a-religious people in the world. But is their present case symptomatic of a primitive inability to realise more clearly higher conceptions of religion?

If so how must we account for the extraordinary way in which the aborigines respond to Christian teaching? "It must be understood", writes Professor Baldwin Spencer, "that in proportion to the narrow sphere of their actions there is as great a mental difference amongst aborigines as amongst whites in their wider sphere". This is surprisingly true, and if the fact had been as clearly recognised with regard to aborigines as it is with regard to white people a great deal of nonsense would never have been put on paper to confuse counsel at this side of the world. There are variations of religious sensibility as there are mental differences. Some of the aborigines whom I have known, respected, and loved, have shown themselves intelligently responsive to Christian teaching with regard to the Divine Being. Although perhaps it is not less true of them than it is of us, that "the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak".

Professor Baldwin Spencer must be congratulated on the way in which he appears to have won the confidence of a shy people. Like a certain American humorist the Australian aborigines always are inclined to find out what information their questioners require, and then to give it to them. Professor Baldwin Spencer is too shrewd a scientist to give himself away to this meritorious characteristic. He has sat with due humility at the feet of certain northern tribes. What he has learned from them would not necessarily be true of tribes elsewhere. He will not be surprised therefore if his theories, for instance, with regard to the various ceremonies he has seen, do not appear conclusive to all his readers. But he has written a very valuable scientific work. And what he has written cannot fail to be of fascinating interest also to the ordinary reader who is interested in Man.

HUBERT BLAND.

"Essays by Hubert Bland." Max Goschen. 5s. net.

[Published this week.]

WHEN Society is sick there is no lack of physicians. They are ever at the door with ministry that will at least kill if it fails to cure. There are empirics, too, who regard the world's disorders as a fair field for experiment. But Society has seldom daffed aside a saner doctor than Hubert Bland. He had as excellent a contempt for quack therapeutics as he had for a truism or a platitude. And he dispensed wholly with a bedside manner. His sanity was refreshing. His philosophy was the philosophy of balance, and social injustice never made of him an anarchist. There were moments, of course, when he would don the red cap and be out with powder and shot. He confessed to one such moment when, in the Reading Room of the British Museum, he felt the thraldom of the Past. "Could my will have taken shape in action at that moment the British Museum, with its books, its manuscripts, its records, and its mummied cats and men, would have been blown into the air with a mighty blast, would have gone up in a cloud of dust and débris, to be rebuilt later on as a great nursery, liberally furnished with toys for London's toyless children." But we feel that when the smoke had cleared we should find him upon hands and knees recovering some precious fragments from the ruin wrought by his swift iconoclasm. For this was not the real Bland. Indeed, his moderation led him into trouble with the more advanced, and he became suspect with Socialists, who mistrusted his creed as infected with some of the worst heresies of Toryism.

Bland was essentially a journalist. He couched his philosophy in terms understood of the people, and in doing this he gained a hearing in a quarter which refused the appeal of cleverer men. There is a force in his writing which never fails to strike home. It is the quality which he shares in so large a degree himself that provoked his admiration for Kipling. It is the virility of Kipling's verse that appealed to Bland. In the early days he had fallen under the spell of Morris and Rossetti. He believed that he was enjoying an

intimate fellowship with the "last embodiment of refinement and culture". He had his hour of James Thompson—and had even worn velveteen. Then Kipling came—and he awoke. In this new poet he found his ideal, and the decadence of Kipling is the theme of one of the essays in this book. The poet's strength has turned to something akin to brutality. He has set up an altar to material power. He is obsessed with the greatness that lies in ironclads and armies. He has lost touch with the finer senses. There is a sting in this threnody before the desecrated shrine. For Hubert Bland's criticisms were dictated by a singular love of spiritual strength and human effort. It is these qualities that he looked for first in his judgment on men and books. It is "the urbanity, the polish, combined with strength" that gives "Esmund" pre-eminent place among Thackeray's books, in his opinion. Meredith's men and women, "all breathing and alive", lead him into superlatives for which he needs to make no apology. It is obvious that he should find in Dickens's "exhaustless humanity" a Socialism to which his own spirit readily responded. It is the "essential healthiness" of "Tom Jones" that makes him place that book at the head of his chosen twelve best novels. He had, too, an admirable impatience for sentimentality, for exponents of the obvious, and for the art of literary advertisement.

Bland's Socialism was largely a gospel of common-sense. He professes that his own progression towards democracy was no steady march forward to an ideal already in sight. At the first blush democracy stood to him for all that was "bumptious, unreal, disloyal". He sought refuge in Movements and Influences. He shut the doors upon a world grown grimy and found consolation in an artificial atmosphere. Then came reaction, and he found that the world was, after all, not past mending. He desired to be up and doing and he set about his work with a cheerful countenance. For Hubert Bland never forgot how to laugh. He moved about the world's market and his amused eye missed nothing. He was, in his own phrase, "a note of interrogation in the flesh". There were tears too—tears for the poor, for the victims of lust and oppression, for the shop-assistant and for the dwellers in Philistia.

THE WORK OF TWO BRAVE MEN.

"A History of British Mammals." By G. E. H. Barrett-Hamilton. Illustrations by Edward A. Wilson. Part xv. Gurney and Jackson. 2s. 6d. net each part.

THIS work—one of the most exact and faithful, one of the most beautiful too, in the literature about wild English life—draws towards a conclusion. The name "Gurney and Jackson" on a title-page has long assured the reader that he will herein find sound work in print and illustrations that do really illustrate: it assures him like the name Van Voorst, which has long been so familiar to naturalists: but it is rare that he finds colour work and illustration generally so true and fine as that which marks this venture. Glancing at random through several of the parts, let us take, for example, the likenesses of the pygmy shrew, the stoat, the dormouse, and the South Orkney grass mice—what could be better than the spirit, and what of its kind more delightful than the colouring, where colour is used, of these drawings? The bulk of them were done by a gallant and devoted young English naturalist and artist, if ever there was one—Edward Wilson. Wilson has no lowly place on the roll of Antarctic adventurers. He was the naturalist artist of Scott's first Antarctic Expedition in the "Discovery"—which the writer of this notice cannot forget seeing emerge from a sea fog as she neared the English coast and her harbour some ten years or so since!—and his pictures of the seals and penguins brought to our eyes later almost a new and enchanted world. His work is over, and only in the last part (XIV.) of this history his comrade paid a splendid tribute to his valour and his vigour.

Now both men—Wilson and Barrett-Hamilton—have passed, and the new editor and author, Mr. Oldfield Thomas, writes an appreciation of his friend. Barrett-Hamilton could not rest from travel and adventure as a naturalist and explorer, and, not long after Wilson perished in the ice he lost his life in South Georgia, whither he had gone to study the whale fishery. The pursuit of natural history in such men as these is a great, absorbing passion. We have often met and talked with such devotees: they are as men nobly possessed.

But to draw them out at all, or to understand their quality, you must be somewhat possessed by the same passion yourself. You must be of their freemasonry. It is the fervour that shows in, for example, Mr. Roosevelt or Sir Edward Grey when the talk turns to birds, or in Mr. F. C. Selous, the mighty hunter and the naturalist, when the talk turns to lions or elephants. Such men are not necessarily English; the breed appears to be universal—but certainly it is very often English or American. If you wish to see the kind of work they do—extremely painstaking, careless of no detail, and worshipful always of truth—you should examine a book like this one by those two brave and ardent souls, Barrett-Hamilton and Wilson. It has not a scamped or meretricious line.

THE DIVINE RIGHT OF KINGS.

"The Divine Right of Kings." By John Neville Figgis. Second Edition. With Three additional Essays. Cambridge: University Press. 6s. net.

FEW men can write better than Dr. Figgis on those matters in which law, politics, and theology intermingle, and this volume contains, rather apart from its main argument, most informing essays on Erastus and Bartolus. As for the main argument, it leaves on the mind the impression that in politics radically opposite doctrines are in their own day needful if not true; they are born in the midst of strife, they wax strong and do their work, they wane like the systems of which they are a part. We see the universal flux, as George Wyndham said, and yet we believe in the choric dance.

The history of political doctrines shows men twisting and turning theories in accordance with their desires; ideas are welcomed as the instruments of action, as allies in a cause, rather than as the expression of pure truth. Such a doctrine as that of the Divine Right of Kings, which a Tory peer recently called a worm-eaten garment, has played a great part in the contests of mankind, by undermining the idea of a rival sovereignty, and as the inspirer of other theories which were necessary to justify the opponents of its practical application. The doctrine had its origin in the contest between Papacy and Empire, especially in that struggle between John XXII. and the Emperor Louis IV. which filled the fourteenth century with a great intellectual debate between the partisans of the spiritual and secular powers. It was necessary to find a counterpoise to the idea of Papal supremacy, and Dante and Ockham and Marsiglio were among those who hammered out the theory that unity is necessary to a State, that the sovereignty of one supreme power is a condition of order, and cannot be shared even with the head of the Church. Moreover, as politics in the Middle Ages and up to the seventeenth century were a branch of theology, it was necessary to consecrate the secular power with a right of divine origin if it was to compete with the sanctity claimed for the Pope's power. The theory of the Divine Right of Kings was then launched into the world as an anti-clerical weapon, and it performed its principal work as "the indispensable handmaid of a national reformation". England, for example, asserted her claim to independence in the time of Henry VIII., but for at least a century there was a possibility that she might be won back to the Papal obedience, and the sheet-anchor of the anti-Papal writers is the doctrine that the king holds his power from God. "The Pope's claim to a universal

monarchy by Divine Right, and to implicit obedience on pain of damnation, must be met in similar fashion. The English State must assert a claim to Divine appointment. Obedience must be demanded as due by God's ordinance, and all resistance must be treated as sin."

The controversialists on the Papal side in the sixteenth century were driven to assert popular rights in opposition to the king's, whose power was the bulwark of the Reformation. Parsons the Jesuit "proclaims in strident tones the new alliance between Papal sovereignty and popular rights", and works out a doctrine of the right of resistance, of popular sovereignty, and the merely official character of kingship, while the great Whig theory of the original compact makes its appearance in Bellarmine and Suarez. Further, it was not only against the clericalism of Rome that the Divine Right of kings was necessary and useful. "The Presbyterian and the Papal theories of politics have common elements. The essence of both is the claim put forward by an ecclesiastical organisation to control and direct the action of the State, although in the case of Presbyterianism the acceptance of the doctrine of the 'two kingdoms' makes for liberty." In one of the new essays added to his book Dr. Figgis does justice to this Presbyterian doctrine of the distinction between Church and State as a step towards freedom of thought, especially as the Presbyterians, or some of them, gave a purely ecclesiastical character to excommunication, and claimed no civil penalties from the man excommunicated by the Church. Yet so long as only one religion was tolerated in the State, and that religion to the Presbyterian of the seventeenth century could, of course, only be Presbyterianism, the doctrine of the two societies could have little practical effect. The magistrate might loose from the bindings of minister and elder, as the king before the Reformation could issue prohibitions to the Church court, but he would suffer severely for his temerity in restraining those whose power was given to them by Christ. "As soone as the magistrate shall distast any of their actions", wrote Hussey, "presently he is ungodly and send him to Satan, and then what party the eloquence of the clergy may find against the magistrate, if he should go about to restrain them, let wise men judge." As Dr. Figgis puts it, the Presbyterians were right in asserting that there were two kingdoms; where they were wrong was in denying that there might be twenty-two. Religious bodies in a State, he adds, with that terseness of expression which makes his style agreeable even to the protane, are harmless, if they are numerous.

In our own civil war, when the Divine Right of Kings was most prominent, although the great work of the doctrine had already been achieved, it was the theory of sovereignty which derives from it that really occupied the minds of men. All parties recognised the necessity of a sovereign power in the State, but it was uncertain whether the sovereignty lay with the king or with the Parliament, and the war was fought in order to unravel the uncertainty. England, wrote Hobbes in 1640, "was boiling hot with questions concerning the rights of dominion, and the obedience due from subjects, the true forerunners of an approaching war". A great judge of our own time, Sir James Stephen, declared that it is impossible to say who is the sovereign of England in the metaphysical sense of the word, and he added that many cases might occur in which the amount of dormant anarchy which exists amongst us would be made manifest to all the world. But assuming that Austin was right and that the very idea of the State carries with it as a metaphysical and logical necessity the existence of a sovereign power, either of one person or many, must that sovereign always and in all cases be obeyed, or are there possible limits to his right and power? Can we put a hook in the nose of Leviathan? The answers of men to this question, which in our own day would take the form are there any limits to the obedience that is due to the dictates of a majority, have been various indeed. Hobbes, the

great champion of State supremacy, decides in the *Behemoth* that a son ought to kill his own father if commanded by law to do so; the magistrate must always be obeyed is his general thesis, though he adds as a kind of afterthought, which his logical mind must have regretted, that the magistrate who denies the Incarnation may be resisted. The Anglican clergy of the seventeenth century preached passive obedience, but they declined to obey when ordered to read the Declaration of Indulgence, for the historical reason, as Dr. Figgis well points out, that they had always regarded the Divine Right of Kings as the defence of the nation against Roman claims. They were "moved by the clear conviction that no one could have intended that the great anti-Papal weapon should be used in favour of the Pope". Dr. Figgis declares that, to any moralist who believes in the individual conscience, there must be cases in which we must obey God rather than man. "Mere civil law, even though set up by the general will, can never be absolute." That is true as a practical maxim, and yet the picture of the individual with his protesting conscience face to face with Leviathan does not foretell social peace. Locke, in his cautious and rather uneasy elaboration of the social contract, lays down certain conditions the breach of which would entitle the subject to tear up the agreement with the prince. One of them is that the legislative body must not delegate its legislative power. "Who shall be judge whether the prince or legislative act contrary to their trust? To this I reply, the people shall be judge."

EGYPT.

"The Future of Egypt." By W. Basil Worsfold. Collins. 1s. net.

MR. WORSFOLD'S little book starts with the grave Quo Vadis? of Lord Cromer's last chapter in "Modern Egypt" for text. Englishmen are ready enough to be complacent over a revival, "pre-eminently the off-spring of British skill and determination", pre-eminently a feather in our cap; they seldom care to look ahead. Yet, as Mr. Worsfold reminds us, "the sacrifice demanded of an Imperial race is not confined to blood and treasure". Its members have also an intellectual responsibility—the duty of informing themselves upon the issues which, in the last instance, they are called upon to decide by their votes at the polls. "The large degree in which the interests of the British Empire are concerned in the good government of Egypt, and in the development of its industrial resources, makes it imperative that the electors of the United Kingdom and of the Dominions should inform themselves upon the circumstances of the country and the conditions of its people. For in times of crisis the representatives of Great Britain in Egypt look to their countrymen throughout the Empire to support them in carrying out this or that necessary measure." Nobody could demur to a claim so temperately put. The future of Egypt is a matter in which every British community, from Vancouver to Wellington, is concerned. Mr. Worsfold—quietest of informed observers—is neither a soothsayer to predict what that future will be, nor a preacher with a policy. He brings together the materials of judgment; sets forth, with enviable clearness, the story of Egypt and of the British connection; outlines, in narrow compass yet somehow with abundant detail, each phase in this epic of discouragement and regeneration. Judicially, at the close, he sums up. So far as the future of Egypt can be influenced by English voters the decision is with his readers, with every man among the Britons—too apt to Burke uncomfortable inquiry. It is our own fault if we remain uninformed, for there is all Egypt in these pages—the land, the people, every element and condition, industrial, agricultural, administrative, political. Probably chapters VII. and VIII., which examine severally the various experiments in self-government, and each side of the economic ties with Great Britain, are

the most valuable. One touches bed-rock then with the elemental facts of the Egyptian question; on these rather than on the professed aspirations of the different nationalist sects the future hinges. The economic advance since the British occupation reads like a fairy tale. The external trade has trebled. The improved water supply has increased the cultivated area of the country by a fourth of the area of thirty years ago, and the British engineers are "only beginning". The cotton spinners of England and America count—and will count more—on the supplies of Egypt and the Sudan. The circumstance of this prosperity is, frankly, dependent, as Mr. Worsfold puts it, on close relationship with the industrial and political system of which Great Britain is the centre. In local government, reorganised provincial councils, and mixed and local commissions, though handicapped by the barrier of the Capitulations, are working out their task of fitting the Egyptian for self-government. Years, if not generations, must elapse before Egypt can become self-governing and self-dependent. She remains the while under the control of Britain, a dependency, though not in name, of the British Empire. And then? The genuine Nationalists are good Moslems, and desire absorption in a Turkish Empire, which the Concert of Europe may one day not object to see grow up, reformed and consolidated, and extra-European. But Turkish administration must have "trained on" indeed before the Powers can sanction such a union. The instinct of nationality again seeks to make Egypt a separate, independent State; but her independence would be conditional, and her choice lie between the practical certainty of Turkish invasion and the protection of one or more European Powers—"for a consideration". Happily, she has time and the forces of education on her side, and her people may be on their way to recognise that their natural destiny is to be protected from invasion by sea by the British Fleet, and against invasion by land by the Indian Army and the Dominion forces, while community of interest maintains and develops her all-important water supply—all this without incurring financial or military responsibility. In short, to become a permanent self-governing member of the British Empire.

THE ARMENIAN QUESTION.

"Travel and Politics in Armenia." By Noel Buxton and Harold Buxton. Smith, Elder. 5s. net.

THE authors of this book declare their ambition to provide a handbook on the Armenian question with the minimum of information which the general reader desires. So they have therefore confined themselves to essentials. Some people might object to the two long chapters in which Mr. Noel Buxton plays with the future destinies of the Armenian race, tossing these hereditary bondsmen in turn from the lap of one Great Power to that of another. Are these chapters essential? But those who set problems are expected to have solutions, and the public is given a choice of several without being restricted to any particular one. Mr. Noel Buxton was chairman of the Balkan Committee, and, later, helped to distribute relief to the victims of the massacres, and Mr. Harold Buxton is a clergyman, so it is but natural that the Armenian and Christian case should be pleaded consistently as against the Turk and Moslem. It is only fair to say that there is many a good word for the Turk, and the blame for oppression and misrule is rightly laid upon the constitutional incapacity of the ruling class in Turkey, largely made up of non-Turkish—or only half-bred Turks—to govern with equity, and not upon the conventional savage nature of the Moslem. The massacres were generally—even in Constantinople—the work of Kurds, and were the reply of the Sultan to the systematic campaign carried on by what Mr. Buxton calls the "vocal" Armenians, well outside Turkey, and the Balkan Committee, who were responsible for all the bloodshed they condemned. One cannot make an omelette without breaking eggs, or a revolution without cracking heads; but, as usual,

it was the innocent who paid for the guilty. When half-a-dozen reckless anarchists barricaded themselves with bombs in the Ottoman Bank in Galata, it was not at the request or with the approval of the thousand peaceable Armenians who were killed as a consequence. Till now the end has not justified the means, whichever way it be looked at, for neither have the Armenians won independence or equality before the law, nor has Turkey imposed silence upon her accusers. It is not easy for anybody who has a bowing acquaintance with the Near Eastern problem—and the writer of this notice has known it on the spot for many years—to follow the authors when they blame the "pro-Turkish" policy of England for the failure in introducing reforms. In 1880 Mr. Gladstone destroyed all that was left of any official sympathy with Turkey, and, since Lord Goschen, it is impossible to saddle any subsequent ambassador with "pro-Turkish" proclivities. On the contrary, England has always been, perhaps rightly, the first to insist upon distasteful reforms, and has seldom, if ever, objected to any measure or event calculated to damage Turkish power and prestige—unless some British commercial interest was directly or indirectly involved. In spite of reiterated declarations that England would uphold the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, no finger was moved, nor diplomatic word spoken against the Italian attack on Tripoli, nor any remonstrance offered when the Balkan allies were at the gates of Constantinople! After the British occupation of Egypt, the axis of British Eastern policy shifted from the Bosphorus to the Nile Valley, and since then no Turcophil policy has ever been put into effect. Messrs. Buxton evidently favour Armenia being placed under Russian tutelage, and from the "moderate" Armenian standpoint this might be the best solution. But opinions are still divided as to how near England can allow Russia to approach India, and whether it is better to safeguard our Asiatic possessions by cordial understandings or by fortifying impregnable frontiers and by continuing the "hands-off" policy which brought the British Fleet into the Marmara when the Russian army reached San Stefano.

This book is no mere fleeting record of passing travellers' impressions: it shows experience. The style is easy and clear, and the narrative consecutive and pertinent to the main issue of informing the reader thoroughly. It is, in fact, what it professes to be, a compendious political handbook on the Armenian question.

NOVELS.

"*Tents of a Night.*" By Mary Findlater. Smith, Elder. 6s.

HERE are stretches of time in all our lives—dull, dreary periods—when we seem to have lost all relation to life itself. Something has gone. Some chain that linked us up to all vital things has snapped. It is not always that we are desperately and actively unhappy. Sometimes we are merely passively and consciously unalive, and we see everything through what Miss Findlater calls "blue spectacles". However much we realise and deplore our plight, it is not an easy, and indeed not always a possible matter to put things right within ourselves. Very often an outside happening will reconnect us with the spirit of things again. To Anne Hepburn—the heroine of Miss Findlater's story—this came in a sudden moment of danger. Caught in a treacherous quicksand on the Brittany coast, in the second when she wondered "was this Death? Just this very moment, on this bright day?" in that same moment she felt "what a gift life is" and came again to the joy of living. Disappointed in her love for the man who loved her—weakly and ineffectively—but to whom, in spite of the knowledge that he never meant to marry her, she had given her heart, she realised that, as Emerson says, "Not even home in another heart can content the awful soul that dwells in clay". And by this means she got out of prison. Miss Findlater has chosen a very ordinary, and not a very attractive, English girl for working out her story. Anne seems

too commonplace for these psychological agonisms. Miss Findlater has again gone to Emerson for her title: "We are often made to feel that our affections are 'Tents of a Night'".

"*A Stepdaughter of the Prairie.*" By Margaret Lynn. Macmillan. 6s.

Here is a series of sketches of prairie life as seen by a young girl. There is no bookishness like that of a childish reader and no romanticism like that of a child. The writer was steeped in both; and early in life she began trying to find points of contact between what she read and what she saw. She soon harboured her suspicions of a distinct cleavage between literature and life. In her book she welds the two, giving us, with a distinct literary flavour but with no trace of artificiality, a real insight into prairie life. The book is like a fresh breeze. It is full of green thoughts and carries us into the wide spaces of the world. There is poetry in it too. Miss Lynn has the seeing eye and a rare affection for trees, with their contrast to the bare prairie and their mystery of undefined possibilities.

"*The Whistling Man.*" By Maximilian Foster. Appletons. 6s.

This is a very American book. We are shown Wall Street, a greedy, unscrupulous monster that snatches away a man's honour and uprightness and youth. It is difficult for an Englishman thoroughly to understand the attitude of Americans towards their own business methods. Mr. Foster's heroine tells Young Craig "in Wall Street men have no friends, only acquaintances. . . . In Wall Street no man trusts anyone. They dare not" . . . "If I were a man—a young man especially—I'd think twice before I chose just that sort of life". The story is interesting and out of the common. It deals with a young man who sets out to avenge his father, one of those who suffered, and was made a scapegoat in Wall Street. The American girl as depicted by Mr. Foster is a more lovable creature than some other American authors have led us to suppose.

"*The Greenstone Door.*" By William Satchell. Sidgwick and Jackson. 6s.

It is a far cry back to the Maori Wars, and very little has been written about them. Mr. Satchell has a natural ability for vivid description. He has already given us an example of this in his handling of New Zealand history, and in this volume he is well up to the mark. It is a fresh and living story and we learn incidentally a good deal about those very interesting people, the Maoris. Frankly romantic, the story does not suffer on this account; indeed, it is a relief after much fiction to be able to turn to such a novel as Mr. Satchell has given us. The fortunes of an English boy brought up by a Maori foster-father is the plot round which the story is written. This book deserves success.

"*Quella.*" By Geoffrey Norton Farmer. Alston Rivers. 6s.

The idea of a monopoly of administration in a drug which is to subdue and subjugate mankind is certainly novel. But Mr. Farmer is not capable enough to convince us of its feasibility. In his hands the plot becomes absurd and impossible. We feel no terror at the happenings he narrates, neither do we experience relief at the failure of the sinister schemes of the unconvincing Quella. The book is not a good specimen of the thriller type of fiction.

"*The Streak.*" By David Potter. Lippincott. 6s.

The concealment of his mixed parentage by the hero which Mr. Potter calls the Streak, and what we in England call a dash of the Tar-Brush, forms the main plot of this story of the Philippine Islands. It cannot be said to reach any great heights either in conception or plot or writing of dialogue. The love interest, or interests rather, are very strong. In most cases the love-making is illicit. The heroine, however, is made happy by the death of her husband.

LATEST BOOKS.

"Impressions of British Life and Character." By the Chief of Ichalkaranji. Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net.

An Eastern on the West is always difficult for a Westerner to follow, but the Chief, a high caste Mahratta Brahman, has been a great traveller in his own country, and writes excellent English, recording his impressions in a manner unusually frank and ingenuous. Some of these impressions are necessarily fleeting, and at times there is perhaps a view too broad for the premises. As with other Orientals, the English Parliament is rather a puzzle, and Padgett, M.P., will be by no means pleased with the curt summary that "the Oriental mind is accustomed to the guidance of the wise few as distinct from the mediocre many in the control of national destiny." Coming from a country in which begging is so rife the Chief has nothing but praise for our poor law system; evidently his guides were too polite to show him the "majority" report! Apparently what struck him most was the high standard of English comfort and material prosperity, the excellence of our lighting, water supply and communications, but here again we fear our visitor was headed off the slums. What is said of our women is rather guarded, and evidently politeness gets the better of conviction, but he speaks out on the subject of clothes, regarding modern fashions as "the acme of unbecoming absurdity." There is a well-argued plea for the longer retention of Anglo-Indians at their posts, in a sense to stay on unofficially when their work is done instead of returning home. Their experience, gained at the expense of India, is lost almost as soon as it becomes effective. The difficulty of the question is admitted, but he remains unconvinced that nothing can be done. It is reassuring to read that "British Rule in India stands on a firmer footing to-day, and loyalty is more real and genuine than ever before." There is no nonsense about local Parliaments. The Chief knows India too well. He is satisfied to rule within the Empire.

"Friends Round the Wrekin." By Lady Catherine Milnes Gaskell. Smith, Elder. 9s. net.

Good chatter is a gift from above. But there is a chatter that constantly fails of its purpose, so that the things that matter not at all plead lamely for their coming into print. Lady Gaskell's light talk is of this order. It is so disastrously easy to write of yew hedges and latticed windows and the sovereignty of summer. It is so uncompromisingly difficult to do it well. The preamble in twenty-three out of the twenty-eight chapters is of the weather. There is the conventional quantity of sunshine—"glad sunshine", "tranquil sunshine", "diminished sunshine". The nights are "serene"; so also autumn and the stars. But if the artistry of these passages is at fault they have at least the virtue of brevity; and they are often the prologue to the wit of Burbidge, the gardener. Burbidge we love; for he nurses a dark distrust of foreign saints, and he holds that if "anyone knew all about bees they wud know all about God and His world." For his sake we must allow the sunshine and the serenities. Indeed, once we are through with the preliminaries, a feast of lore and legend is waiting for us. The author has much to tell of the great Spirits of the Wrekin. Her chatter of birds and flowers is not less entertaining. Pied Piper, Fern Owl, Tits and "Painted Partridges" are her very good friends, and of these she writes with a love and understanding born of much study. This will win for the book its proper place among other reminiscences of folk and field.

"The Making of the Roman People." By Thomas Lloyd. Longmans. 4s. 6d. net.

Mηδὲν δύο is a law most easily transgressed by those who propound a pet theory. Mr. Lloyd presents a novel and an attractive conjecture that the Gauls were the chief element in the making of the Roman people; and in pursuit of this bright-winged theory he naturally runs farther and more heedlessly than if he were marching on the high road of orthodoxy. The philological hypothesis of the affinity of Latin and Gaelic, on which his thesis is chiefly based, leads him at times beyond the bounds of sober reason and judgment. An intricate and somewhat fanciful argument in which *may* and *might* figure quite frequently is summed up as "decisive evidence" or "convincing proof" of his point. This is a fault common to all enthusiasts, but Mr. Lloyd has, in addition, a curious habit which is all his own. He presupposes certain circumstances to suit some philological theory which he is advancing, and then is bold enough to assert that his purely hypothetical derivation "throws light upon" his still more hypothetical circumstances. His final argument is of this arbitrary nature. His treatment of legend, too, is somewhat high-handed. After an arbitrary condemnation of certain points in the story of the capture and sack of Rome by the Gauls as "popular legend invented long afterwards", he proceeds to use as history other points that suit his argument. Is not this a case of eating your cake and having it too? But apart from these and other extravagances his theory

is well worked out, and is at least as probable as any current explanations of the origin of the Roman people. It has the advantage, too, of being written in a popular style.

"Ancient India." By Professor E. J. Rapson. Cambridge: University Press. 3s. net.

To pack a thousand years of history into a hundred pages is highly skilled labour; to do this without taking a disproportionate survey of great men and great movements is something of an achievement. Professor Rapson's slight sketch of the India which modern scholarship has unveiled for us will be welcomed by those to whom the larger histories are closed. His chapter on the service of comparative philology in throwing light on the history of the Indo-European people, a method of investigation employed at one time "with too much zeal and too little discretion", presents a clear and careful handling of a wide subject. In his outline of the religious systems of India from the time of the Rig-Veda to the establishment of the Kushana Empire he dwells at some length on the divergence between Jainism and Buddhism, with their practical rule of life, and the older Brahmanism, with its Vedantic ceremonial. The political history of the period, and particularly that of the Persian and Macedonian conquests is well drawn. By showing the stableness of the village community under the ever-changing tide of invasion, Professor Rapson answers the enquiry as to how the main principles of government in India have remained unchanged throughout its history. There are useful geographical notes and some outlines of chronology.

"The English Borough in the Twelfth Century." By Adolphus Ballard. Cambridge: University Press. 3s. 6d. net.

Mr. Ballard has made a further contribution to our knowledge of the origin of local institutions in early England. Following in the wake of Mr. Seebohm, Dr. Round, M. Vinogradoff and the more recent deductions of M. Petit Dutaillis, he deals with the functions of the Borough as a unit of local jurisdiction and its true place in the national organisation. He can find no evidence in the 12th century for the Garrison Theory of Borough origin, though he treats at some length of the question of the Roman Municipium. This question of the Borough is one of first-rate importance. The century which succeeded Mr. Ballard's period saw throughout Europe the rise of central assemblies—elective and representative. But England's system was alone truly representative of the nation's interests because such local institutions as the Shire Court and the Borough Court were the nurseries in which ideas of self-government were fostered. Mr. Ballard is too exact a historian to give licence to his imagination, but his readers will appreciate his suggestion that when the Norman Kings granted immunity from tolls to their towns in northern France they were anticipating Adam Smith by a prudent policy of *laissez faire*.

"Careers for our Sons." Edited by G. H. Williams. Black. 5s. net.

This is described as a practical handbook for parents. The editor is an ex-Grammar School headmaster, and consequently has experience to back his recommendations. Every kind of opening for boys is detailed, but space evidently prevents more than bare summaries. In medicine the cost of training is put too low, no mention is made of the great advantage of attending more than one medical school and the necessity, for the best men, of a Continental course. The Bar is much too favourably mentioned. Parents must realise that it is years before the average barrister can make a living out of legal work in England, and then only a few succeed. Too much of the work nowadays is in the nature of family arrangements with solicitors or city people. Not the least useful section of the book is that on "Colonial openings," but here it must be remembered that the Colonies have excellent educational facilities practically fitted to their needs, and other things being equal, prefer their own people to the Britisher. An introductory chapter on general education would have been useful; it is more than ever necessary to warn parents against allowing their boys to be stunted mentally by over-early specialisation. Scholarship-hunting schools are notorious for this evil. Parents will find this book most useful, as there is in it a great deal of useful information which is not easily accessible elsewhere.

"Pride of Body." By Hugh de Selincourt. St. Catherine Press. 1s. net.

Mr. de Selincourt is an able prophet of the cult of *corpus sanum*. His infectious enthusiasm should incite the readers of this little book to early morning activities of every kind. The body is no longer a necessary evil; the days of hair-shirts and "disciplines" are gone; Brother Ass has been emancipated by the progress of science from the durance vile to which he was subjected by the Mediæval saints; but it is something of a joy to find that the same moral qualities of self-denial and self-restraint which were the product of Asceticism may be developed no less by a sane and careful treatment of the body.

Scottish Land: Rural and Urban. The Report of the Scottish Land Enquiry Committee. Hodder and Stoughton. 1s. net.

After reading this over-weighted volume of 555 pages, one can well understand why Mr. Lloyd George, the father of the Land Enquiry, wanted it issued in two separate books. There is altogether too much of it for one paper cover. Much of the Committee's Report is common to all parties, and seeing that this is in effect an authoritative Liberal scheme, we can only wonder that the Liberal Government did not afford facilities for the Unionist Social Reform measures which were introduced on the same lines two and three years ago. Perhaps Mr. John Burns, who obstructed all Social Reform at the Local Government Board, could throw light on the subsequent recognition by Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Herbert Samuel of the necessity of doing something to counteract the Unionist policy. As a sop to Radicalism, the Scottish Land Committee devotes many pages to the sporting areas in Scotland, and recommends that "no compensation be paid for loss of sporting value when land is taken for a productive economic use." But the Committee does not countenance or repeat the Chancellor's errors of fact about the Dukes of Sutherland and Montrose. It has learned caution from its leader's blunders; perhaps that is what makes its report so dull.

A Concordance to the Poetical and Dramatic Works of Alfred Tennyson. By A. E. Baker. Kegan Paul. 25s. net.

It would simply not be in our hearts to speak an unkind word of this book, even if we felt it, which we do not. One man has done all its 1,212 pages, and its weight reminds us of an extra big dumb-bell. It is the last word in the pursuit of Tennyson, surely; 1,212 pages of solid and close print, quotations which must run to something in the nature of a million—and yet there are people who ask us to regard Tennyson as a minor poet! So far as we have examined this work, it is trustworthy and well arranged. Whether a concordance of all Tennyson's works is really an urgent necessity is another matter. Certainly a concordance of his "In Memoriam" is sometimes needed. Many years ago a little concordance of the poem was actually published by, we think, Messrs. Longmans, but it has long been out of print. The present venture certainly reflects credit on the enterprise of the publishers and the amazing industry of the author.

"Peeps into Picardy." By W. D. Crawford and E. and E. A. Manton-Simpkins. 3s. 6d. net.

This is simply a chatty guide book with photo-illustrations and potted history, a good deal of it quite legendary. Calais and Boulogne get rather more attention than they are worth, and if more space had been devoted to little-known and seldom-described places, such as Abbeville, Etaples and Montreuil, the book would be better balanced. St. Riquier deservedly has several pages. Amiens has a chapter to itself, but the description is very cursory—merely a "peep", and people to whom its wonderful cathedral appeals want something more than that.

The Naval Annual, 1914. Edited by Viscount Hythe and John Leyland. London: William Clowes & Sons, Ltd. 12s. 6d. net.

Economies have been made in the cost of producing "Brassey", this year, but this has not affected the main feature of the work—its articles are decidedly above the usual average. The ideas advanced are, generally speaking, more up-to-date, more in touch with active list views, than heretofore. One may, however, be inclined to query the contention of "Naval Officer", that only expert naval officers can supply what is still wanting in naval literature. That is an old-fashioned idea. Neither Colomb nor Mahan has ever given the Navy such useful works as have the civilian historians Corbett and Hannay. The tendency of nautical writers is almost invariably to start with a theory and then select facts to prove it, whereas the trained historian marshals his facts and then seeks for what they may prove. From the strictly utilitarian point of view, the best article in the "Naval Annual" is "The Right of Capture in Maritime War", by Vice-Admiral Sir E. Slade. The pros and cons are given very concisely and with complete impartiality. Many of the tables in Parts II. and III. are sadly in need of more careful revision—especially those relating to torpedo craft and British guns.

Historical Account of Charing Cross Hospital and Medical School. By Dr. William Hunter, M.D., F.R.C.P. Murray. 21s.

This comprehensive history of Charing Cross Hospital comes opportunely at a time when the hospital has been in existence nearly a century, and its medical school has recently been re-organised. It includes a short account of the origin of the London hospitals, and gives very full details of its own particular school, which numbers Livingstone and Huxley among its students. There are some admirable plates reproducing engravings of old London at the time when the Strand was little more than a country highway. The book deserves to be in the library of every old student of the hospital.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Diary of Adam Tas, 1705-1706 (Edited by Leo Fouché. English Translation by A. C. Paterson). Longmans. 12s. net. Sharps, Flats, Gambols and Racehorses (A. Dick Luckman). Grant Richards. 12s. 6d. net. With Mr. Chamberlain in the United States and Canada, 1887-88 (Sir Willoughby Maycock, K.C.M.G.). Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d. net. Oscar Wilde and Myself (Lord Alfred Douglas). Long. 10s. 6d. net.

FICTION.

Paul Moorhouse (George Woull); The White Vampire (A. M. Judd). Long. 6s. each. Hardware (Kinston Parkes). Fisher Unwin. 6s. Kerno: A Stone (Tarella Quin). Heinemann. 6s. On the High Road (Effie Adelaide Rowlands). Hurst and Blackett. 6s. John Barleycorn (Jack London); Jetsam (Victor Bridges). Mills and Boon. 6s. each. In a County Asylum (Richard Z. Dale). Werner Laurie. 2s. net. Old Andy (Dorothea Conyers). Methuen. 6s.

HISTORY.

The Industrial History of Modern England (George Herbert Perris). Kegan Paul. 6s. net. Memoirs as a Source of English History (L. Rice-Oxley). Oxford: Blackwell. Modern English Literature: From Chaucer to the Present Day (George H. Mair). Williams and Norgate. 6s. net.

LAW.

The Inventor's Handbook of Patent Law and Practice (Francis Ernest Bradley and Frederic Hungerford Bowman). Ewart, Seymour. 5s. net.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Marvels of Insect Life (Edited by Edward Step). Part IV. 7d. net.

REFERENCE BOOKS.

A Concordance to the Poetical and Dramatic Works of Alfred, Lord Tennyson (Arthur E. Baker). Kegan Paul. 25s. net. Bibliography of Oscar Wilde (Stuart Mason). Werner Laurie. 25s. net.

The Director's Handbook: A Guide for Directors of Joint Stock Companies (W. H. Behrens). Odhams. 7s. 6d. net.

Royal Colonial Institute Year Book. 2s. 6d. net.

The German Year Book (Edited by H. A. Walter). Anglo-German Publishing Co. 4s. 6d. net.

Index to the Works of John Henry, Cardinal Newman (Joseph Rickaby). Longmans. 6s. net.

REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS.

The European Tour (Grant Allen). Grant Richards. 5s. net. The Uplift of China (Arthur H. Smith). United Council for Missionary Education. 1s. net.

Chats on Photography: An Easy Guide for Beginners (W. Wallington). Werner Laurie. 6d. net.

Ramuncho (Pierre Loti); Amour de Jeune Fille (Madame E. Caro). 1s. net each; Gil Blas (Le Sage). Vol. II. 10d. net. Nelson. David Harum (Edward Noyes Westcott). Pearson. 1s. net.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

A Constitutional History of England (George Guest). Bell. 1s. 6d.

THEOLOGY.

The Spirit of Cardinal Newman (With a Preface by C. C. Martindale, S.J.). Burns and Oates. 1s. 6d. net.

The Religions of Antiquity as Preparatory to Christianity (Charles Newton Scott). Smith, Elder.

VERSE.

The Flower of Peace: A Collection of the Devotional Poetry of Katharine Tynan. Burns and Oates. 5s. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

British Shipping: Its History, Organisation and Importance (Adam W. Kirkaldy). Kegan Paul. 6s. net.

Central African Parish, A (Egbert C. Hudson). Cambridge: Heffer, 1s. net.

Collectivist State in the Making, The (Emil Davies). Bell. 5s. net. Essays by Hubert Bland (Chosen by E. Nesbit Bland. With an Introduction by Cecil Chesterton). Max Goschen. 5s. net.

Harry Quelch: A Selection from His Literary Work (Edited with a Biographical Introduction by Ernest Belfort Bax). Grant Richards. 2s. 6d. net.

Methuen's Annual (Edited by E. V. Lucas). Methuen. 1s. net.

Probation System, The (Cecil Leeson). King. 3s. 6d. net.

Quiet Chat, A (Kilgobbin). Good. 5s. net.

Secrets of Success in Life, The (Walter Wynn). Williams and Norgate. 1s. net.

Short Survey, A, on the Relations of the Near East (I. Botez). Elliot Stock. 1s. 6d.

Tactics and the Landscape (Captain T. Bedford Franklin). Gale and Polden. 3s. net.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES FOR JULY.—*Revue des Deux Mondes*, 3 fr.; *Journal of the Royal Statistical Society*, 2s. 6d.; *War and Peace*, 3d.; *The Dublin Review*, 5s. 6d. net; *Colour*, 1s. net; *The Edinburgh Review*, 6s.; *The English Historical Review*, 5s.; *The North American Review*, 1s. net; *Book-Prices Current*, 4s. 6d. net.

FINANCE.

THE CITY.

	Highest.	Lowest.
Consols	75 $\frac{1}{2}$	75 $\frac{1}{2}$
Day-to-day Loans ...	1 $\frac{1}{4}$ %	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ %
3 Months' Bank Bills ...	2 $\frac{1}{8}$ %	2 $\frac{1}{8}$ %
	Jan. 29, 1914.	April 17, 1913.
Bank Rate ...	3 per cent.	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.
	General Settlement, July 29.	
	Consols Settlement, Aug. 6.	

THE Stock Exchange has experienced more or less normal conditions during the week, but it is obvious that this comparative steadiness is being maintained only by the scarcity of stock which obtains in nearly every department of the House. The approach of the vacation month is bringing with it the usual aversion from active speculative commitments, but underlying all other restricting influences is the fear concerning the situation as regards Ulster and the possible consequences in financial quarters.

In Stock Exchange circles the aloofness of the public has been accepted as a matter of course for some considerable time past; and it has been almost entirely due to the professional element that the markets have been so effectively held together. The House, of course, is as ignorant as everybody else concerning political possibilities, but many prominent dealers are speculating upon the question of civil war; and if that view becomes more generally accepted in the speculative sections of the House, then the one remaining prop to the "bull" position will be removed. The scarcity of stock, combined with the easiness of the money market, has been effective in holding the position so far, and it may still retard "bears" from prematurely gripping the position; but it is unnecessary to point out that a first glimpse of civil war would mean a general collapse of securities, irrespective of individual influences.

There are no indications of a notable change in the monetary position, and, presuming that this "bull" point will hold, operators would be well advised to wait until the Home Rule controversy is through and the Chancellor of the Exchequer has definitely emerged from his muddles.

The condition of the Money Market is still imparting some confidence to the promoters of new flotations, but in very few instances are there any satisfactory responses from the investing public. The Southern Brazil Electric Co. made an offer of £570,000 6 per cent. Mortgage Debentures at the price of 98 per cent., but only an indifferent response was made; and the £140,000 Preference shares issued by the Ratoczy Oil-fields were principally left to the underwriters. The Greater Winnipeg issue received anything but a cordial reception, and underwriters of the Oceanic Steam Navigation Debentures had to take up 87 per cent. of the amount, this stock being quoted at 2 to 1 discount upon the Stock Exchange. This issue was obviously a sound and attractive investment, and its failure to draw the public only emphasises the fact that investors invariably expect to secure any new issue at an additional discount on the Stock Exchange.

One of the most interesting issues of the future will be that of the Furness-Houlder Argentine Lines, Ltd. The company will enter into an agreement with the Furness-Withy Co., and will carry on a general shipping business, the nominal capital being fixed at £1,000,000 in £1 shares. The directorate will include Sir Stephen W. Furness, Bt., and Mr. F. H. Houlder, and it is understood that a prospectus will shortly be issued offering the share capital, and possibly an additional issue of debentures amounting to about £500,000.

The directors of the Taff Vale Railway will shortly make a new issue of £350,000 in 4 per cent. Preference stock, which will be offered at £95 per cent.

Gilt-edged securities have varied during the week according to the extent of liquidation; and the dulness has been accentuated by the French Army disclosures and the Austro-Servian dispute; but Irish politics have, of course, been chiefly responsible for the local depression and liquidation. Consols were bid up to 75 $\frac{1}{2}$ on Tuesday, a few jobbers having replenished their stock; but nervous holders soon realised at the higher quotations, and the quotation has since fallen to 75 $\frac{1}{2}$, at which figure it yields about £3 6s. per cent.

The prevailing low level of Home Railway Stock prevented anything in the nature of a relapse in sympathy with the Mersey Dock strike, and Scottish lines have been a good feature, support having been given on the assumption that the Glasgow Fair will materially benefit traffic receipts. North-Western Stock has been supported up to 128 $\frac{1}{2}$, but Berlin has been responsible for a certain amount of liquidation in the Underground Electric market, the Income Bonds being down to 90. The Metropolitan District dividend of 3 per cent. per annum (compared with 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. last year) was anticipated, and had no effect upon the share quotation.

The Inter-State Commerce Commission is still a thorn in the Yankee side, and the want of stability in the American market generally is likely to keep the public operator out for some time to come. Union Pacifics were, however, an exception to the rule, and advanced to 160 $\frac{1}{2}$ on the company's victory in the Court of Appeal in the suit brought by the Equitable Life Assurance. Canadian Pacific shares, which to some extent appeal to the public speculator, were offered more or less heavily from the Continent and fell to 190 $\frac{1}{2}$. It may be interesting to note that this price is the lowest on record since 1910; but the present depression is more probably the result of liquidation by tired holders than due to rumours of a prospective increase of capital.

Mexican Railway issues appear to have a brighter period in store judging by the Government instructions to repair the gap in the line outside Vera Cruz. It will be remembered that the Mexican Government removed about 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ kilometres of line at the end of April last to prevent through communication between Vera Cruz and Mexico City. The Ordinary Stock has advanced to 35 $\frac{1}{2}$, the First Prefs. to 105 $\frac{1}{2}$, and the Second Prefs. to 68.

French holidays had their effect upon Rand shares, general inactivity having reduced quotations to a fractional extent all round; but the outstanding feature has been the relapse of Tanganyika shares to 1 27-32 on the debit of £176,245 in the profit and loss account for the 15 months ended December 31st.

Brazilian Traction shares sold heavily on the report concerning the prospect of competition in Rio de Janeiro with the Cia Brasileiro de Energia Electrica, but a partial recovery was effected in the stock after the intimation from the Traction Company to the effect that there is no ground for uneasiness with regard to its position, and the shares recovered to 16.

Practically all those stocks which were associated with the Grenfell failure have dropped from 1 to 3 points since the Official Receiver's statement to the creditors. The state of affairs proves to be much worse than was originally anticipated, the total liabilities amounting to £917,442.

In view of severe competition in the Argentine, Bovril, Ltd., have for the first time had to reduce the interim dividend on the 7 per cent. cumulative Ordinary to 5 per cent. per annum.

Rubber shares responded for a time to the advance of Plantation rubber to 2s. 3d. per lb., but there is no prospect of activity in the market.

Oil shares have been subject to scattered realisations, and the tone remains generally dull.

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